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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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ADOPTION by the League of Sanction No. 4, calling for an embargo on the export to Italy of key war materials which may be used for war purposes, places the United States in an extremely difficult position. Although this country does not export rubber, bauxite, aluminum, iron ore, nickel, manganese, tin, or any of the other items specifically barred from Italy under the new measure, it furnishes other supplies which are of even greater value to Italy in its illegal war against Ethiopia. The League deliberately included only those commodities in its embargo which are now obtainable exclusively from member states. But it drew up another and much longer list of essential products that are supplied primarily by non-League powers, chiefly the United States, and voted to sound out the non-member nations regarding action on these items. According to the figures of the Department of Commerce, Italian purchases of cotton waste, iron and steel scrap, copper, benzol, toluol, and xylol from the United States in the first six months of 1935 were double to quadruple the volume of similar purchases in the first half of 1934. These products are not included in the list of "implements of war" barred from export to belligerent countries under the President's interpretation of the neutrality act, although the increase in exports is clearly attributable to war preparations. A simple chemical treatment is all that is needed, for example, to transform cotton waste into gun cotton, while Italy's armament industry is completely dependent on the importation of steel scrap and copper. In continuing to supply these products to Italy in war time, American business is subsidizing Mussolini's defiance of international law.

IN AN ATTEMPT to meet this challenge, President Roosevelt has sought to discourage all business with the belligerents by declaring that individuals and corporations carrying on such trade do so at their own risk. While this marks a significant advance over the concept of neutrality which the United States adopted at the beginning of the World War, its effect thus far has been extremely meager. The Ford Motor Company and several smaller concerns have cooperated whole-heartedly with the government by ceasing all transactions with Italy and Ethiopia, but the great majority of American business establishments have shown very frankly that they do not intend to let such considerations as keeping the country out of war interfere with potential profits. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, for instance, has declared that it intends to ship to Italy "so long as there is no objection on the part of the United States government." The General Motors Corporation, through its Near East subsidiary, is at present engaged in filling orders for 218 trucks and automobiles, valued at $235,000, destined for Italian Africa. Scrap-steel exports to Italy are said to have stopped, but unusually large orders are reported from Austria and Germany and are almost certainly destined for Italy. Despite the President's proclamation asking American citizens not to travel on the ships of warring countries, the Italian liner Rex recently arrived in New York with eight hundred American passengers. Obviously, something more strenuous than a polite request is necessary if American business is to be prevented from entering into engagements which nullify the value of the Neutrality Act. The President has power under existing legislation to stop this indefensible trade. If he is unwilling to take the responsibility, he should call a special session of Congress and ask for a strengthening of the neutrality legislation.

WITH DEVASTATING LOGIC, former Supreme Court Justice Jeremiah T. Mahoney, president of the Amateur Athletic Union, answers the protests of Nazi officials that the Olympic games at Berlin will be conducted according to the Olympic code. Charging that the German government is acting as self-constituted host to the Olympic games, that sport in Germany is government-controlled and therefore subject, like any other activity, to the anti-religious principles of the Reich, that German Jews have been discriminated against in sport as in other walks of life, that foreign Jews cannot be assured of welcome in Berlin, and that the anti-religious bias extends not only to Jewish athletes but to Catholic and Protestant groups which do not

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subscribe to Nazi doctrine, Mr. Mahoney supports his charges with chapter and verse. His letter making clear his position is addressed to Dr. Theodor Lewald, president of the German Olympic Committee, himself suspect as a non-Aryan and holding his position only as a result of the protests of the international sports community. Mr. Mahoney points out that Dr. Lewald, in spite of his official status, refuses to guarantee that placards insulting to Jews will not be displayed at the games; he cites case after case in which Jews have been barred from German athletic clubs; to Dr. Lewald's protest that Jews are being trained for the Olympics in two training courses of from three to six weeks, he answers that the regulation training period of an Olympic champion is more like two years. And he winds up his letter by assuring Dr. Lewald that he will put the weight of his office and his influence behind the movement to vote the United States out of the Berlin games next year.

THE MOVEMENT against American participation is growing fast. The Committee on Fair Play in Sports, under the chairmanship of George Gordon Battle and Henry Smith Leiper, has presented a letter of protest to Brigadier General Charles H. Sherrill, American member of the International Olympic Committee. The A. F. of L. at its convention in Atlantic City joined with numerous other labor organizations in demanding that no American teams be sent to Berlin. The question will in effect be decided at the convention of the A. A. U. early in December, when the resolution passed in 1933 urging withdrawal unless the Olympic code was observed will be reconsidered in the light of German declarations and actions since then. The A. A. U. decides the membership of all non-collegiate teams; if it supports withdrawal, the Intercollegiate American Amateur Athletic Association may be expected to follow its example. It is estimated that 50 per cent of the delegates to the A. A. U. convention in December will be opposed to participation—the Pacific Coast, Southern, South Atlantic, and New Jersey associations are already officially committed to the boycott. To bring the remaining groups into line it is only necessary for the American public to make clear, by protests and direct representations to athletic officials, its belief that fair play will not tolerate the Hitler Olympics.

ANGELO HERNDON is on his way to Georgia to begin his stint of eighteen years on the chain gang. The Herndon defense has exhausted all the avenues of the judicial process to avert this vicious sentence against a young Negro whose sole crime was an attempt to organize Negro and white workers. The case has twice been presented to the United States Supreme Court and twice refused on the ground that the court has no jurisdiction. Herndon's fate now rests with the Governor of Georgia. Two hundred and sixty-four delegates to the Herndon Action Conference in New York City on October 17 took a pledge which every person interested in the rights of workers may well echo: "We solemnly promise that we will never cease working, day and night, North and South, to inform all toilers of this nation of your faithfulness and your courage, and to rally them in one great triumphant movement to set you free." Governor Talmadge cannot be forced to hear this protest too often. And while the Herndon case is now out of the courts, the Gallup, New Mexico, miners charged with the murder of Sheriff M. R. Carmichael, killed during a riot last April, are still very much in the hands of the law. Seven of the ten men tried were acquitted on October 17; three were convicted of second-degree murder and have been sentenced to from forty-five to sixty years at hard labor—obviously the equivalent of a life sentence. Five of the acquitted defendants are to be deported, one to Spain and four to Mexico; the remaining two are being held on charges of "aiding a prisoner to escape." The case will be appealed to the highest court if necessary, and the National Gallup Defense Committee announces that it needs not only support in the form of protests but funds to carry on.

BELIEVING that the hearings before a referee in San Francisco were a farce, Tom Mooney's counsel appealed to the United States Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus. The court replied, as it did last spring, that every recourse in the California courts must be exhausted before the case could be considered in Washington. A second similar appeal is now waiting to be heard. The hearings, now in their fifth week, are expected to last another month. Evidence of the Oxman perjury is piling up, and the complicity of the state's officials in obtaining perjured testimony is daily becoming clearer. It has, of course, been clear for eighteen years. Everything about the Mooney case has been clear for eighteen years. Mooney was convicted on the alleged eyewitness testimony of three persons: Frank Oxman, a California cattleman, now dead and repeatedly proved to have been a liar when he said he saw Mooney at the scene of the bombing; John McDonald, who has on numerous occasions vainly admitted that he lied when he said the same thing; and Mrs. Edeau, who did not even say she was present, but who declared that her "astral body" was there and saw Mooney. If all this hocus-pocus had not kept a man in San Quentin prison for eighteen years, it would be funny. If it were not spread upon the records of various courts of law as fact, it would be incredible. But it all happened. Those persons who find the repetition tiresome must be reminded that spending a lifetime in jail for a crime not committed is also wearing—and for those forces of society which keep a man there it is shameful.

IF MOST TRUSTS are big rackets, New York City's poultry racket is a little trust. Bloody and crude in its methods, it exacts $2,000,000 a year from the housewives of the city by price-fixing monopolies maintained by the use of gangsters and corrupt labor leaders. One of the labor leaders, whose name figures on the public-enemy list of the New York police, was ousted recently by his rank and file. But his injured feelings were assuaged by a generous coat of whitewash from the Butchers' International on the eve of the A. F. of L. convention; and as soon as a troublesome court injunction is lifted, the rank and file will lose their charter and Brother Charlie Herbert will get a new one. The opposition to Brother Charlie, of course, was labeled "communistic" and will be dealt with accordingly. In the meantime Secretary of Agriculture Wallace is the latest public official to enter the lists against the racket. Under a new amendment to the Packers and Stockyards Act, all dealers and handlers of live poultry in the New York market will have to obtain licenses from the Department of Agriculture. Whether licensing will end the evil remains to be seen. Evidence is necessary to refuse licenses, and witnesses are afraid to talk. Licensing holds the possibility of new

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litigation and new corruption. It might even be used against legitimate union activities. One of the scandals of the Walker regime was the refusal of the department to license eighteen independent dealers who refused to pay tribute to the poultry ring. Benjamin F. Schreiber, who had been Jimmy Walker's campaign manager, appeared as counsel for the poultry trust in opposing the issuance of licenses to the independents. Conviction of sixty-six defendants under the anti-trust laws in 1929 failed to break up the racket. An NRA code had little, if any, effect on its efficacy in maintaining exorbitant prices for feeding, trucking, and crating poultry. We hope Secretary Wallace and his licensing plan will have better luck.

THE PERSONAL SUCCESS of Pierre Laval, who was elected to the French senate from two districts, must count as an indorsement of his foreign policy, though not an impressive one. Voting for the senate is by indirect ballot and does not register public opinion with any precision. Strong surges of political change would be felt, but the time has not come for an overwhelming left-front victory, though certainly the vote showed no change from the drift in that direction. Socialists and Communists between them gained six seats, though at the expense of middle parties rather than of the right, which maintained its numbers. Marcel Cachin, veteran Communist leader and editor of *L'Humanité,* becomes the first Communist senator, a sign of the changing order in France, where the cloistered senate was presumed to be safe from any rude proletarian incursion. Despite his success Laval appears to be on the way out unless he scores a spectacular personal triumph as a peacemaker in Europe. A more moderate victory would not stem the rising tide of opposition caused by his drastic deflationary decrees.

ARTHUR HENDERSON died in the tragic knowledge that the two causes to which he had dedicated his life had gone into a long eclipse. One was disarmament, the other the Labor Party. His greatest achievement was to build up that party to its strength in 1929. With patience and diligence he devoted himself to fostering it in local districts, knowing that without deep local roots it never could hope for national power. Until the depression the future of the Labor Party seemed blessed, and it was reasonable to anticipate the day when it would win a majority and set about the gradual socialization of Britain. But the defection of MacDonald ruined the edifice which Henderson had built so painstakingly, and he turned to the field of disarmament. He already had made a name for himself as Foreign Secretary, to the surprise even of his closest friends. He threw himself into the new service without stint. He tried to rally world opinion, to cajole and even threaten governments. But here again destiny was against him. The Manchurian crisis, the rise of Hitler, and now the Italian aggression have made disarmament an almost archaic conception. Henderson was not a pacifist; he not only supported conscription during the war but accepted membership in the War Cabinet of four, acts for which his ardent contribution to disarmament has largely atoned. Never doctrinaire, his was a plodding, sincere, and reasonable mind, free enough to bowl over traditions in Downing Street when he was Foreign Secretary but not alight with the fires that burned in MacDonald in his pacifist days, or in Lansbury during his brave leadership of the little band of Labor members in the present Parliament. He will long be remembered as one of the greatest political organizers of the post-war era.

THE FOLLOWING SEQUENCE of events took place recently in the New York office of the Associated Press, a world-wide news service of great prestige. On October 7 the A. P. reverted without notice to the six-day week for its editorial employees. On October 9 the A. P. unit of the Newspaper Guild adopted for submission to the membership a resolution appointing the American Newspaper Guild its agent for the purpose of negotiating a collective agreement with the Associated Press. This resolution was introduced by Morris Watson, leader of the guild in the A. P. and vice-president for wire services on the guild's National Executive Board. On October 17 the National Executive Board sent a letter to the A. P. requesting a meeting. It was marked for the attention of Kent Cooper, general manager. The letter, sent by registered mail, arrived at the A. P. office on the same day after business hours. On the following day Mr. Watson was called to the office of the executive news editor and fired. The news editor told Mr. Watson that he was dissatisfied with his work. He added, "You are dissatisfied with the A. P. and I am convinced that you will be happier elsewhere." The discharge of Mr. Watson, who had been on the staff for seven years and, until he became active in the guild, was regularly assigned to cover important stories, raises the issue of collective bargaining even more sharply and clearly than the Jennings case. Since it involves a country-wide wire service, the case is clearly within the provisions of the Labor Disputes Act.

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED PERSONS a day were killed in the United States in 1934 by automobile accidents, a total of 33,980, or 23 per cent more than in 1932. This is a rate of 26.9 per 100,000 of population, as against 23.3 for 1933. It must be remembered that automobile fatalities are far down on the list of causes of death: the rate for diseases of the circulatory system, including heart affections, was 293 in 1933, for cancer it was 126, for pneumonia 87, and for nephritis 78. But since automobile deaths may be regarded as in large measure preventable, the figures are sufficiently horrible to cause national concern. It is interesting to note that the death-rate tends to be lower in the areas of most congested traffic. Illinois is nineteenth on the list, Pennsylvania is thirty-second, and New York thirty-ninth. The dubious honor of having the highest death-rate goes to Nevada, with Wyoming, Arizona, and California following in order, the rates being 73, 45, 44, and 42 respectively. It will be seen that in general the rate is high in states possessing long stretches of open road and little traffic congestion. It is high, in other words, where high speed in driving is possible. During the last five years—when fatalities have steadily increased—moderate- and low-priced cars have been increasingly capable of more speed. And it is plain that the faster you go the harder you hit, the more difficult it is to keep a car under control, and the more likely is some fault in the mechanism to produce fatal results. It is an interesting support for this theory that in Rhode Island, where the death-rate is lowest—14.6—a speed of forty-five miles an hour on the open road is rigidly enforced.

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Can Laval Make the Peace?

THE astonishing celerity with which the League has defined and voted economic sanctions against Italy is somewhat offset by the policy of France as mediator and the peace terms which Laval is supposed to be sponsoring. The activity in Europe now falls into two separate compartments. The League, having aligned itself against Italy, has developed a degree of harmony and logic which its most optimistic friends could hardly have anticipated. It has voted to cut Italy off from arms, credits, and essential war materials, and now its members, save Austria and Hungary, will refuse to accept any Italian exports. By October 31 it expects the ratification of member governments and to be able to set an early date for the actual enforcement of the new economic penalties. This is collective action which, if it is at all effective, Italy cannot hope to resist.

But in the other compartment individual national policies are pitted against one another much as though the League did not exist. Britain, maintaining a modern Armada in the Mediterranean, is the chief antagonist of Italy; France, bound to Britain by duties prescribed by the League Covenant, is doing its utmost to save Italy from a major war and to extricate it from the Ethiopian crisis, and at the same time to protect its new friendship with Italy; Italy, embarked on an expensive colonial adventure, is suddenly confronted with the threat of destruction at the hands of Britain or the League under Britain's leadership. For a second time during the crisis a war between Italy and Britain has come perilously close, and for a second time London and Rome have been frightened enough to resume direct negotiation, and so to relieve the tension. But this time the sharpening of the crisis has found France swept by bitterness against Britain, and the British press abusing the French as though there were little to distinguish them from Italians.

The international mediator is seldom popular or free from suspicion, and the discord between France and Britain is not unnatural. France for once is the "honest broker," traditionally the role of Britain on the continent of Europe. Success in this part is a prime political necessity for Laval. His support comes largely from the right, more friendly to Italy than to Britain. The left, despite its traditional devotion to the League, has cooled off in this respect, fearing that sanctions may lead to war. If Laval can harmonize London and Rome he will be the great leader of Europe and can surmount his domestic difficulties; if he fails he will fall. But to succeed he must espouse Mussolini's most impracticable peace terms. His task really comes down to winning over the British to a peace which the League in honor must reject, so that the British will join him in the unpleasant hypocrisy of sponsoring it at Geneva.

The terms themselves have hardly been mentioned in the spate of foreign news. They consist of giving to Italy nearly all the land lying between Eritrea and Italian Somaliland, permitting Italy to build a railroad through Ethiopia west of Addis Ababa, and compensating a greatly reduced Ethiopia with a seaport in British Somaliland joined to Addis Ababa by a railroad, which would, however, cross Italian territory. These are shocking proposals from any moral standpoint, and Haile Selassie would only accept them, if at all, under the strongest pressure from Britain. They would crown the Italian invasion of Ethiopia with victory, ignoring the fateful fact that the invasion violated the Covenant and set fifty nations against the aggressor. But to the French in this affair the moral principle counts for little. They have been courting the British with dissertations on moral principles ever since the League was established, and have found them hesitant, evasive, and highly egotistical. British interests on the Continent always ended at the Rhine, and beyond that river moral principles, so far as Britain was concerned, did not penetrate. To the French, moral principles in primitive Ethiopia count for far less than in Eastern Europe. So they refuse to be involved in a war growing out of a colonial adventure, just as the British so long refused to commit themselves to an ultimate war over East European frontiers. From an ethical standpoint there is little to choose between the two countries. The immediate question is whether the French mediation has any chance of success. Had London agreed to withdraw its fleet from the Mediterranean, Laval would know he was going to achieve his success. But London refused; all it promised was to recall the Hood and the Renown from Gibraltar if Mussolini, for his part, took some of his 70,000 white soldiers out of Libya, where they threaten the British base at Alexandria. The British fleet remains, suggesting that the British will resist plans to save Mussolini and with him the new Franco-Italian friendship. Not only has Britain not budged; it has driven the French into a pledge to open their naval bases to the British fleet if it is attacked by Italy, or if in carrying out League instructions it encounters Italian resistance.

To some extent British policy may be colored by the approaching general election. The fleet in the Mediterranean and Captain Eden's driving leadership at Geneva will be used to convince British voters that at last their government is taking a strong line to support peace through collective action. Hints have been heard that after the election the fleet might be recalled and the British then be more amenable to compromise proposals from France. But this presupposes that the British government, once it wins its majority in Parliament, will be free to flout the now passionate League sentiment in England. It also presupposes that the League itself can be led around by the nose by France and Britain together. Russia will certainly not agree to a disgraceful peace in Ethiopia, and small League states, which for the first time see some prospect of being protected by collective action, will follow Russia in rejecting terms which give Mussolini any rewards for his aggression. The League sanctions may not work smoothly, but probably in the main they will be effective. The punishment that will hurt Italy most is the paralysis of its export trade. This will inflict a loss which Italy cannot recoup for a long time, since trade once gone is not easily recaptured. In the light of the surprising forcefulness of League action the tune for the peace probably will not be called by Laval but by the British with League support. And if that is what Mussolini foresees, he already knows he has his back to the wall.

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The A. F. of L. Wakes Up

LAST year at the San Francisco convention of the American Federation of Labor, John Lewis of the miners, Charles P. Howard of the Typographers, Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky of the needle trades, and others led a fight more or less behind the scenes for industrial unionism as against the decrepit craft system which now divides American labor. Without precipitating an open battle this group got the 1934 convention definitely on record for the industrial unionization of the automobile, cement, and aluminum workers.

What happened? During the last twelve months William Green and his craft-union colleagues on the council have neglected completely the aluminum and cement workers and have issued—illegally according to the convention's vote—"limited" industrial charters to the automobile and rubber workers, that is, charters permitting only unskilled labor in these fields to organize industrially; and Mr. Green actually circulated a "confidential" letter among his organizers directing them not to push skilled workers into the new unions. Needless to say, this strategy was primarily responsible for checking the automobile and rubber strikes.

It was immediately as a result of this betrayal by the Executive Council, but also for reasons which go much deeper, that the paramount issue of industrial unionism was this year dragged into the open by the same group in a manner far more dangerous for the old craft unionists. The motives of John L. Lewis, who led the progressive attack with his accustomed militancy, are of course not revolutionary. But he does want a powerful labor movement—presumably headed by John Lewis—and he realizes that craft unionism can never be powerful. He has always been an industrial unionist; but it was no doubt his experience with the NRA which convinced him that the whole union movement must be reorganized along industrial lines. He was in a position to realize that the nullification of Section 7-a was brought about as much by the complete ineffectiveness of antiquated craft unionism as by the tactics of big business.

Having taken up the cause of industrial unionism, Mr. Lewis has had the sense to accept its implications. He knows, for instance, that industrial unionism involves more than a structural change, that it cannot be achieved without some radicalization of the labor movement. It is for this reason that Lewis took a course at the Atlantic City convention which allies him with the "left" forces in the American Federation of Labor. Following that course, he spiked the maneuver of Woll and Green for a red-baiting alliance with the American Legion and for the excommunication of the radical elements; he forced Woll's immediate resignation from the National Civic Federation, and toward the last even had Mr. Woll seconding his resolution barring any federation official from holding a post in Mr. Easley's fascist organization; he put an end to the inconsistent practice of the *American Federationist* of running advertisements from the largest open-shop concerns in the country; he made a frontal attack on the present craft-ridden leadership for having failed to advance the interests of organized labor in the past two years and made fun of William Green's boast of 1933 that he would organize "25,000,000 Americans," pointing out that hundreds of local and federal unions have disbanded from sheer inanition. As for his physical attack on President Hutcheson of the carpenters, the most reactionary leader of the most reactionary union in the A. F. of L., it was a pat symbol of what happened to the American labor movement in Atlantic City. Hutcheson, through parliamentary trickery, was attempting to keep from the convention floor and from its records the story of the betrayal of the automobile workers. He had already succeeded in silencing the delegate of the rubber workers, who had the same general story to tell. It was literally Mr. Lewis's fist which forced the issue to the floor. Finally, the progressives, Lewis, Hillman, and Dubinsky, a few minutes before final adjournment, forced Mr. Woll's resolutions committee to bring before the convention President Dubinsky's resolution to seek an amendment to the Constitution of the United States permitting social legislation—a resolution which had previously been tabled.

The convention, to be sure, settled none of the jurisdictional fights or other important issues, and industrial unionism was defeated by a safe margin. It came out for the thirty-hour week, the Labor Disputes Act, and other "great objectives." Yet this gathering was the most important convention of the A. F. of L. in its entire history, for the fight between horse-and-buggy unionism and industrial unionism is now not only in the open but practically settled. There is no doubt that the rank and file is overwhelmingly with the progressives. The official vote was 18,025 against to 10,924 in its favor; but it is much more significant that 90 per cent of the delegates from city and state labor bodies voted in favor of the industrial form of organization. Within the next year or two industrial unionism seems slated to become the official structure of American labor.

Japan Presses On

WHILE the attention of the world was centered on the problem of stopping a war in Africa, Japanese military leaders gathered at Dairen recently to lay plans for renewed hostilities in Asia. The connection was not, of course, accidental. Since the days of the Twenty-one Demands, Japan has always been careful to stage each new act of its pan-Asian pageant at a time when the Western nations were preoccupied with their own affairs, and the link between the recent conference and the Ethiopian crisis was freely admitted by the participants. Although the decisions reached at Dairen remain a matter for speculation, the general nature of Japan's "new" policy in North China had already been made clear by the amazingly frank declarations of Major General Tada, commander of the Japanese forces in North China, and General Isogai, military attaché at Peiping. The next item on the militarists' agenda is admittedly the establishment of a puppet government in North China similar to that in power in Manchoukuo, and financially as well as politically independent of Nanking. In view of the influence which Japan already has in this region, it is unlikely that China will offer effective resistance to this latest step.

It has become obvious, however, that Japanese ambition will not be satisfied with the domination of North China. As the invasion of Manchuria was "necessary" to safeguard

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Japanese interests in Korea, and Jehol had to be added to protect Manchuria, and finally North China was brought under Japanese influence to prevent the Chinese from attacking Jehol, so Japan is already bringing renewed pressure on China proper to protect its interests in the north. Twice within the past month Japanese warships have been mobilized to enforce a trivial and wholly unreasonable demand on the local Chinese authorities. At Hankow the Japanese insisted on a formal apology and the removal of the head of the local government because the targets at the military rifle range resembled the Japanese flag. At Swatow, in South China, the Japanese staged a great naval display as a protest against the arrest of a Chinese junkman for non-payment of duties on rice imported from Japan. Only the fortuitous arrival of American warships from Hongkong is believed to have prevented Japan from landing troops and occupying a section of Kwangtung province. The Japanese are also reported to have demanded the right to send observers to the approaching plenary session of the Kuomintang central committee at Nanking, and are said to be grooming General Ho Ying-chin, with whom they have worked amicably in North China, to replace Chiang Kai-shek as commander-in-chief of the Chinese armies.

Japan has not sought to disguise the fact that its renewed pressure on Nanking is the result of anxiety over the growth of the soviet areas in China's northwestern provinces. Within the past few weeks portions of the Chinese Red Army have pushed their way northward from Szechuan into Kansu, Shensi, and Ninghsia, where they are within a few hundred miles of another large soviet district in Shansi. One need only glance at the map to see why Japan is disturbed by this development. Should the Communists make further progress in the direction in which they have been moving in recent months they will be in a position to establish a direct line of communication with the Soviet Union, either by way of Outer Mongolia or Sinkiang. They will also be able to block Japan's penetration into Inner Mongolia, thus preventing the Japanese, in the event of a war with Soviet Russia, from attacking Siberia by the way of Outer Mongolia. Japan's recent threat to employ force if the Mongolian Peoples' Republic does not allow the Japanese to build their own line of communications from Urga to Manchoukuo indicates the immediacy of this danger. It is conceivable that the world-wide struggle between communism and fascism may be settled by the developments in this remote region. Notwithstanding the recent sorties into Soviet territory north of Manchoukuo, there is little likelihood that Japan will dare to attack the Soviet Union alone. It is almost a certainty, however, that when Hitler launches his widely advertised drive for expansion toward the East, he will count on Japanese cooperation. The effectiveness of Japan's role in such a campaign would depend very largely on its ability to obtain a strong base in these border regions. Already it has a military mission at Kalgan—the gateway between Peiping and Urga. Plans are under way for the dispatch of similar missions to Taiyuanfu, capital of Shansi, as well as to Kweihua and Ninghsia City. Against the formidable military forces of Japan, which can be mobilized without the formality of declaring war, the Chinese Red Army's hope of holding this region depends very largely on the speed with which its projected united front with other left-wing forces can be consummated.

Reward-of-Merit Story

WHEN Cinderella marries the prince, even today, audiences rise and cheer; when the poor boy attains riches and honor in the fulness of years, he gets his name in the papers. And when the reverse happens, it is still news. Thus six years ago *The Nation* published in its correspondence columns a letter complaining of the fact that Eugene Augustus Lauste, inventor of the device by which sound is recorded and reproduced photographically—the method of producing the talking picture—"enfeebled by age and broken in health," was practically without resources and "dependent upon the uncertain help of a few friends."

But what is Mr. Lauste's state today? John Mills, in a book lately published entitled "A Fugue in Cycles and Bels" (bels having evidently some relation to decibels, and not being simply a typographical error), tells us that one of the patent attorneys of the Bell Telephone Laboratories, being fortunately a reader of *The Nation,* ran across the letter, verified it, and as a result Mr. Lauste was made a member of the technical staff of the Bell laboratories, with the task of assembling or reconstructing his own apparatus and assisting the patent departments in their new mechanical devices. The Smithsonian Institution has accepted a model of his system for sound pictures; he has been made an honorary member of the Society of Motion Picture Engineers. And at eighty or thereabouts he may be presumed to be no longer eating the hard bread of charity, but to be self-supporting with a satisfactory amount of fame to boot.

Out of modesty we forbear to stress *The Nation's* part in Mr. Lauste's success story. We merely cite it as an example of gratitude occasionally displayed, even in hard-boiled capitalist countries, to individuals who have performed some service to the state or even to industry. We have not, to be sure, heard Mr. Lauste's side of the story. His invention was patented almost thirty years ago; since that time, particularly since the widespread development of the talkies, somebody must have been collecting large sums in royalties on certain mechanical devices which made them possible, and it was evidently not Mr. Lauste. Moreover, it would be rash to assume that the action of the Bell Telephone Laboratories in employing him was mere gratitude—he is no doubt useful in his present capacity. But the story of the inventor who lives in poverty while his inventions are making other persons rich is only too common. The converse, with a happy ending, cannot fail to be heart-warming.

There is only one thing to add to this pleasant tale. *The Nation's* letter of 1929 mentioned not only Mr. Lauste but Jean Acme LeRoy, designer and inventor of the first motion-picture projection machine, the cinematograph. He also was described as old and poor, and half paralyzed to boot; so far no word has come of a better fortune for him. We wish that one of the Bell Telephone attorneys would seek him out also, if he is still alive. We wish that the Smithsonian Institution would do him honor. We wish that friends of the inventor of the electric light, if it was not Thomas A. Edison, or of the telephone, if it was not Alexander Graham Bell, would write us a letter for publication. We are enjoying our new role of benefactor, and should like to do more of it.

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Issues and Men

George Lansbury

"MEMBER of Church of England; teetotaler; non-smoker; twice in prison"—thus George Lansbury describes himself in "Who's Who." "George Lansbury," the *New Statesman and Nation* writes, "is the only name that is known and loved in every town and village of Great Britain"—that is, of the leaders of the Labor Party. He is so simple, straightforward, and lovable and so obviously unconcerned with what happens to George Lansbury that one's admiration—and affection—at once go out to him. "Political saint" and "the truest Christian in all England" are other descriptions of him. I have felt similarly about him, and also that he is the most consistent of men, the most scrupulously loyal to his principles and beliefs. He never pretends to be what he is not. If he is aware that his speech at times betrays the absence of boyhood educational opportunities, he is the last man who would seek to conceal the fact; his sincerity and honesty have never been challenged.

This is the man who has just resigned the leadership of the British Labor Party, leaving His Majesty's Opposition in the House of Commons without a strong head; his successor, Major Clement Attlee, cannot be so successful as Lansbury as he lacks force and dominance. Lansbury took on that highly responsible Parliament job at seventy-two years of age. There were those who feared that his idealism and his deeply emotional nature would get him into trouble. Instead, he made himself a completely respected Parliamentary personality throughout Great Britain, which is certainly an extraordinary achievement. Augustine Birrell is quoted as saying once that "the trouble with Lansbury is that he *will* let his bleeding heart run away with his bloody head." But as a writer in the *New Statesman and Nation* points out, Lansbury is "immensely shrewd in practical affairs, and a most astute political fighter. One of the most experienced Conservative politicians remarked the other day that he was the shrewdest leader of the Opposition that the House of Commons had seen since the war." His resignation was only to have been expected. Lansbury is a convinced pacifist and nothing could make him anything else. I have always felt that if anybody was ready to go to the stake for the cause of world peace, it was this kindly, gentle, yet entirely resolute person.

Four or five years ago the British Labor Party voted never to go into another war and to have nothing to do with one if it came. It wanted British labor to make another war impossible by refusing to carry on any war work of any kind. For that Lansbury stood as a matter of course. But now the Labor Party is squarely behind the National Government in its leadership of the League of Nations to stop the Italian conquest of Ethiopia. It is ready for any peaceful sanctions, and there is little doubt that if England commits the supreme folly of going to war with Mussolini —and there are many in England who believe that they are on the eve of a war in which their country will have to take part—the Labor Party will again "do its bit." Hence Lansbury felt that he could no longer go along. The risk was too great for him to run, for he will under no circumstances ever approve of or take part in any war.

Let us honor George Lansbury in fullest measure for that. We have too few examples in the world of a man's putting conscience above preferment and refusing to salve that conscience by convincing himself that he is indispensable or that he must cling to his party in order to prevent something worse. The fact that his successor would not be so able a leader would have been reason enough with many another man for not taking the idealistic and intellectually honest course. Ramsay MacDonald was able to convince himself four years ago that he must abandon almost all his old associates and beliefs and save the country by remaining as Prime Minister of the National Government. (It is characteristic of Lansbury's kindliness toward everyone that in his recent memoirs, "Looking Backwards—And Forwards," he makes no other criticism of MacDonald than that always when he was speaking "he seemed to have something at the back of his mind which he did not intend to reveal.") It will not worry Lansbury if he is charged in some quarters with leaving his party in the lurch in one of the real crises of history. He went through fire during the war years, in and out of prison. It would mean nothing to him should he be vilified and abused again. But he will not be. No one will deny that he has been true to himself, just as no one will question his crystal-clear integrity or the sincerity of his religion.

As to the latter there is a delightful story in his memoirs. Once when he was hunger striking, a prison chaplain "rebuked me for injuring my body by voluntary starvation because it was the Temple of the Holy Ghost." When Lansbury asked the clergyman if he were a Protestant and the latter said that he was, Lansbury replied: "If it had not been for Latimer and Ridley allowing their Temple of the Holy Ghost to be burned in defense of their faith, you could not have been a Protestant at all. You would not have come into my cell to talk this nonsense to me."

So there he is at seventy-six just as full of the zest of life, just as keen, just as happy, just as sure of his own views and of himself as he was in the years when he was "shoveling coal out of railway trucks into arches—dirty, dusty work." Then he often worked all night in order to get to a cricket match, but never, no matter how hard fate might seem to be, did he lose his delightful sense of humor; he recalls in his memoirs the joyous interruption "shouted at canvassers for a school-board candidate who was in favor of secular education: 'They want to rob us of our bloody religion.'" Well, no one can rob him of his religion, and no one can darken that lovely spirit. To have known him I count one of the greatest privileges of my life.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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Mars: "Let's try another mask."

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The Milk Racket

By ALLAN CHASE and ALFRED GOLDSMITH

CHARLES C. BURLINGHAM, Special Master appointed by the federal District Court in the suit of the Borden Company against the one-cent-differential provision of the New York Milk Control Law, ruled in favor of Borden's. That his report, being contrary to the previous decision of the same court, has been thrown out by the court is not the consideration at the moment.

The one-cent differential which the Borden Company contested as unconstitutional is one of the provisions of the Milk Control Law of 1934. It permits independent dealers to charge one cent less for a quart of milk than such dealers in advertised brands as Borden, Sheffield (National Dairy), and the Dairymen's League. This was the single sop thrown to the small dealers to counterbalance the advantages of the big companies. According to Dr. Frederic C. Howe, who, until President Roosevelt "purged" the Administration alphabetical agencies of their liberal members, was Consumers' Counsel to the AAA, "Sheffield Farms, Borden's, the Dairymen's League, and subsidiaries probably identified with them control about 80 to 90 per cent of the distribution [in New York City]." Now the Burlingham report informs the federal court that the state milk law hampers the tendency toward complete control of the metropolitan market by the giant companies.

The past five years have seen a parade of public and semi-public attempts to solve the milk problem. First in point of time in this parade came the New York City Loose Milk Commission of 1931. This body, after due consideration, decided that the 3,500,000 quarts of milk sold daily in the city must henceforth be sold in bottles. Presumably it acted with sincerity; presumably it desired solely to safeguard the health of the city's inhabitants when it decided that they should pay from five to six cents more per quart for milk.

The commission was appointed by Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, then Health Commissioner, on the heels of a newspaper crusade against loose milk. The names of Edward Fisher Brown, Professors Leland Spencer and E. V. McCollum, Charles C. Burlingham, and others appeared at the foot of the final voluminous report on the subject of loose milk. Gentlemen like Patrick D. Fox of Borden's, C. W. Halliday of Sheffield's, and Frederick Sexauer of the Dairymen's League, who might be interested less in the health of the citizens than in the financial aspect of the question, had been fired from the commission as a result of the outcries of suspicious persons like former Health Commissioner Harris and the independent loose-milk dealers.

Both Saul Kramer, Deputy Attorney General for New York, and George Manley, of the New York Milk Control Division, who presented the case for the state in the Borden case, objected vigorously to Burlingham's appointment on the ground that he was a close personal friend of A. G. Milbank, president of the Borden Company. Mr. Untermyer, in a thoroughgoing report paid for by the independents, neatly proved that financial and economic factors involving millions were implicit in the decision; also that the scientific arguments for loose milk were at least as weighty as those against it. Handy devices for the sanitary dispensing of loose milk were demonstrated before the commission. Concerning them Dr. Harris said: "I would stake my scientific reputation on [such] devices . . . which the Loose Milk Report dismisses in such cavalier fashion." In the whole course of the inquiry nothing more serious was proved against loose milk than that the methods used in dispensing it were not of the best. On this ground the commission decided that the several million consumers of milk in New York would have to pay five or six cents more per quart.

Edward Fisher Brown, by profession a press agent, has figured prominently in the milk controversy since 1930, when he went on the payroll of the Milbank Foundation. During the regime of Dr. Wynne, Brown was made Deputy Commissioner of Health assigned particularly to handle milk dealers. His salary as Deputy Commissioner was paid by the Milbank Foundation. The Milbank Foundation, it is interesting to note, is a health organization controlled by A. G. Milbank, former president of Borden's. Mr. Brown is at present the head of the milk lobby at Albany, known as the Milk Research Council.

Professor Spencer crops up later in this account in another connection; Professor McCollum, in all the reports issued by the commission, is listed as "Professor E. V. McCollum, the Johns Hopkins University." Nowhere is it indicated that Mr. McCollum has drawn large "research" retainers from the National Dairy Company—a fact which is common knowledge in milk circles.

What has happened to Dr. Wynne, who "appointed" Spencer, McCollum, and Brown, since he left the office of New York Health Commissioner? He has bobbed up as executive head of the New York-New Jersey Milk Conference Board, Inc., which is a dignified handle for a lobby for the local milk industry.

The Burlingham report to the federal court might imply that the Milk Control Board really functions for the farmers and small dealers. This is not the case. The operations of the board are based on its schedules of minimum milk prices. The board has set up classification prices to be paid farmers by dealers. Milk is retailed in nine distinct forms, ranging from fluid milk to such end products as butter, cheese, ice cream, and so forth. Retail prices for these by-products vary considerably. A quart of milk in the bottle costs thirteen cents, but a quart of milk in butter or cheese brings but a fraction of this price. This difference necessitates varying wholesale prices to the farmer—depending on the ultimate use of the raw milk.

The board might have achieved a certain degree of stability in the milk industry if it had established a minimum bulk price—that is, a uniform fixed price to the farmer regardless of the ultimate use made of the milk. As it is, however, the farmer is at the mercy of the speculative interests of the dealers—particularly the larger dealers. For example, dealers escape paying the fixed price for fluid milk by purchasing it outside New York State; their other milk

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needs—for butter, cheese, ice cream, and so on—can be met at the below-production prices for New York milk bought in these latter classifications. No farmer can exist on the returns from milk bought for butter, cheese, and ice-cream manufacture at the classified prices. Many New York farmers are getting as little as one or two cents a quart for their milk. When this situation results in law cases that go up to the Supreme Court, the court points out that to stop Vermont milk from coming into New York would constitute restraint of trade. So it would, but a cent a quart for New York farmers means many farm foreclosures.

The charge of special privilege can be made against the Milk Law of 1933, which created the board. One provision in it—evidently inserted as an afterthought—carefully prohibits cooperatives other than the Dairymen's Cooperative League from participating in the benefits granted cooperatives. The Dairymen's League does not have to abide by the state schedule of prices, low as these are, because it is recognized by the state as a farmers' organization, which is ridiculous. It is not and has not been for years anything other than a dealer, purchasing milk from farmers and selling to consumers—at a profit and with fat salaries for its leading officials. Just how the state arrives at its recognition of the league as a cooperative—and the only true cooperative in the state—is beyond ordinary logic. Anybody in the milk industry knows that the league is to all intents and purposes a subsidiary of Borden's. This was practically admitted on the witness stand by Mr. Milbank, then president of Borden's, in an obscure lawsuit in Putnam County in 1924. Since the league controls nearly half the output of milk in New York, the Borden Company is guaranteed a dominant price position in the milk industry in this state.

A few months after the regulations of the Milk Board went into effect, farmer and consumer spokesmen were protesting against the "spread" between the price paid the farmer and the price the consumer was paying for milk—a fixed thirteen cents at one end and a varying penny to four cents at the other. The board responded by appointing Professor Leland Spencer, who had been research director of the Loose Milk Commission, to investigate the spread. The survey which followed resulted in a pity-the-poor-dealer report which dragged in, as legitimate distribution expenses, life-insurance premiums, holding-company charges, salaries in excess of earnings, and so on. This was patently the kind of bookkeeping which reveals as perennial bankrupts the Schwabs, the Mellons, and the Graces of this land. The basic conclusion of Professor Spencer's report was that the dealers were making only one cent for every 143 quarts of milk they sold, a net profit of 0.12 per cent.

A few pertinent questions asked by Morris Ernst at a closed hearing in Albany led to a number of enlightening admissions on Spencer's part. After this hearing the uneasy professor issued a "confidential—not for publication" report which pecked cautiously at the pessimistic bookkeeping of the large dealers. Even this apologetic pecking was sufficient to obtain a revised estimate of percentage profits for dealers some thirty times higher than that in his original published and much-publicized report. But it is still "confidential—not for publication" that for every 143 quarts of milk sold dealers make not one but thirty cents. A less cautious man than Professor Spencer might do even more to decrease dealers' estimates of costs.

An idea of how large the profits and the spread may actually be in New York can be obtained from the mass of material collected by the AAA and other federal bureaus. There is, for instance, the survey summarized by Secretary Wallace in these words:

> I have the composite figures on distributors' profits in Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, and Philadelphia for the five years ending December 31, 1933. These figures are for distributors handling from two-thirds to 80 per cent of the milk in these cities. As the government auditors—not the distributors, of course—figure, the distributors in these four cities took profits during the five years as follows: St. Louis distributors averaged 14.6 net profit; Boston, 22.5 per cent; Chicago, 25.8 per cent; Philadelphia, 30.8 per cent. In 1933 our auditors' estimates indicate that St. Louis distributors averaged 7.3 per cent net profit; Chicago, 10.9 per cent; Boston, 16.3 per cent; and Philadelphia, 21.7 per cent.

What this meant in dollars can be seen by glancing at the balance sheets of Borden's and National Dairy for this period. The Borden Company, operating in the United States and Canada with a capital stock of $200,000,000, enjoyed in 1933 a dividend balance of close to $4,000,000. For the 1929-32 period its balance sheet showed the following:

	Total Sales	*Balance Before Dividend*	*Balance After Dividend*
1932	$212,348,871	$ 7,524,489	$ 3,469,139
1931	284,586,877	16,812,269	3,669,151
1930	345,422,779	21,681,214	9,602,075
1929	328,466,989	20,403,725	10,356,088

The National Dairy Products Corporation (Sheffield, in New York) boasts of "good-will" assets of more than $22,000,000, of property holdings in excess of $123,000,000. Its balance sheets for the period 1929-33 show profits about equal to Borden's.

When the AAA wanted to include the New York distributors in their survey, the company books were withheld. Every other attempt to investigate the spread was met with rebuffs from the big dealers of New York, until Professor Leland Spencer made his own astounding discoveries about the New York market.

In all the legal bickering which has followed on the heels of the milk law and the milk board, the milk consumption level has been very much ignored. A national survey made under the direction of Dr. Frederic C. Howe last year showed an average consumption of less than half the minimum health requirement. A broad CWA survey of New York City consumption, made at the same time, indicates that for the majority of the population in the city consumption is equally low. It indicates further that for this same majority the milk cost ate up as much as one-tenth of the weekly income.

All this confirms what has been said many times—namely, that milk should be considered a public utility like gas, water, and electricity. The CWA survey revealed a resistance to declining demand on the part of consumers. Fully 87 per cent of the New York families included earned less than $30 a week. But the difference in milk consumption between them and the families which earned more than $30 a week was slight, not at all proportionate to the difference in income.

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Like gas, water, and electricity, the production and distribution of milk must be on a mass basis for mass purposes. With the public-utility character of milk so apparent we have the spectacle of an industry which is run as a monopoly. The purposes of individualized farming and individualized profit-making are not calculated to run parallel to the needs of a mass market with low purchasing power. With this so evident, the Milk Board regulations appear woefully inadequate to the most casual observer.

Amid all the uncertainties of the milk controversy, one certainty persists—the constant presence of a gallery of Browns, Wynnes, Spencers, McCollums, Fees, and Burlinghams who harass the long-suffering farmer with impossible solutions for his ills. Their constant reappearance on official bodies having to do with milk points to friends in high places. Even before the days of the Loose Milk Commission, men like Thomas J. Clougher, convicted and jailed in 1926 for participating in a New York City milk-adulterating and bootlegging ring which was coining millions, were getting off easily. Clougher was released on one of the first pardons granted by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt. John Flournoy Montgomery, accused by the head of this ring and several of its members of being a cream bootlegger, and called to account by Dr. Harris as Health Commissioner, was made United States Minister to Hungary when Roosevelt became President in 1933.

Louisiana's Black Utopia

By CARLETON BEALS and ABEL PLENN

THE so-called civilization of Louisiana rests on a black cushion. The submergence and exploitation of the Negro condition all social phenomena, shape all institutions, and determine Southern reaction to significant problems. In every social and economic activity, from the separate basins for holy water in Catholic churches to the working of the state educational system, the Negro is confronted with racial discrimination and hatred. His life at any given moment hangs on the slender thread of white emotional stability.

The condition of Louisiana is demonstrated in its race relations. Let us pick 1933, though any year would do: January, Fell Jenkins, a Negro (Aycock), charged with trespassing, beaten to death; three Negro fishermen (Tavernia), no charge, hacked to death; February, Robert Richardson (Baton Rouge), charged with annoying a white woman, unnamed, shot; Nelson Nash (Ringgold), no charge, hanged. Skip six months: September, John White, charged with attacking a white woman, shot; October, Freddy Moore (Labadieville), charged with murder to which a white man later confessed, tortured and hanged.

Such cases get into the national records; they do not include the dozens that never appear in the press. They do not include the record of Negroes shot at from ambush while peacefully working in the fields or on the roads. They do not include the petty thefts of Negro property, the intimidation and brutal maltreatment accorded Negroes in rural regions. They do not include the depredations committed on Saturday-night larks, when the customary sport is for a gang of white drunks to rush into "nigger town" and "shoot it up," break up Negro restaurants, insult black women, and commit any violence that comes into their alcoholic brains.

On August 10, 1934, in Bastrop, a mob of 3,000 stormed the Morehouse Parish jail and dragged out Andrew McCloud, a twenty-six-year-old Negro suspected of attempting to assault a white girl (name unknown). With blood gushing from a knife wound in his neck, his body crumpled from a beating, his inert form was hoisted to the top of an automobile in the public square, a rope was tied around his neck, and the car was driven from under. The jail was undefended. Chief of Police B. C. Walton was "out of town." Sheriff Carpenter failed to recognize any of the mob.

On October 11, 1933, the merchants and landowners of Labadieville and the surrounding country, led and organized by a deputy sheriff, lynched Freddie Moore and Norman Thibodeaux, on the charge of having murdered a white girl. Moore is dead. Thibodeaux, one of the few Negroes ever to escape alive from a lynching, was yanked out of bed, tortured, and hung beside the already dead Moore from the railroad bridge. After Thibodeaux was cut down at the behest of two courageous white railway workers, the sheriff took him into the fields, shot him down, and left him for dead in the cane. Thibodeaux dragged his battered body to the home of Negroes he knew. They were afraid to help him and he made his way to the Flint Goodrich Hospital in New Orleans. The police then held him five days waiting for the lynchers to take him back and string him up again. But the murdered girl's stepfather by that time had confessed the murder. Prior to the lynching Thibodeaux had loaded bananas for a pittance, or had worked at rolling concrete twelve hours a day for $3.50 a week, or in the cane fields for about the same wage.

Early in January of this year a gang of eight men entered the Washington Parish jail where Jerome Wilson, a respected and well-to-do Negro farmer whom petty white officials and others were trying to do out of his father's property, was waiting for the appeal of his case. He had been convicted, with a howling mob threatening the jury constantly, of shooting a sheriff with a shotgun (the evidence showed a pistol wound). The lynchers began sawing the lock on his cell. Jerome screamed. The men straightway riddled him with bullets. Once in the cell, one lyncher beat Jerome over the head with a hammer until he was lifeless. Sheriff J. L. Brock reported: "There wasn't any lynching. There were just six or eight men who were going about their business."

After this lynching protest telegrams were sent to Huey Long. He is not known to have replied to any of them. In February, 1935, Roy Wilkins, editor of the *Crisis*, interviewed Huey Long on the case. Long said: "This one slipped up. I can't do anything about it, no sir. Can't do the dead nigga no good. Why, if I tried to go after those lynchers, it might cause a hundred niggas to be killed." (He had just opposed the Costigan-Wagner federal anti-lynching

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bill on the ground that Louisiana could prevent such crimes.) "There are some things," he continued, "even Huey Long can't get away with. We'll just have to watch out for the next one. Anyway that nigga was guilty of cold-blooded murder. [Not true.] Sure we got a law which allows a reversal on technical points. This nigga got hold of a smart lawyer somewhere and proved a technicality. He was guilty as hell."

Often the law is as brutal as mob violence. The following case is unusual only in getting into the papers: On Saturday, May 5, 1928, a Negro woman who had been sent to jail for thirty days by Recorder Paul Leblanc for having no visible means of support had to be taken to the charity hospital with a fractured skull. As often happens, the daily paper reporting it (*Times Picayune,* May 6, 1928) gave the name neither of the black victim nor of the abusive white assailant. "A short bald-headed policeman heard her crying in her cell, entered it, knocked her down, threw water in her face, beat her on the head with a bucket, and then kicked her in the stomach." Four deputies, who went to get the sentenced woman, found her lying unconscious on the cell floor.

In 1930 Governor Long, in defiance of the constitution, revived a practice which had been abolished thirty-five years before, that of farming out prisoners to private contractors. Prisoners sent to a rice farm declared a pacific strike because of brutal conditions, bad food, bad housing, long hours, and being obliged to work when ill without medical care. A Negro leader was killed, some say after being badly maltreated, and his body was buried adjacent to the rice field. His wife was not notified.

Never since the days of chattel slavery have the conditions of Negro share-croppers in Huey Long's Share Our Wealth Utopia been worse. Many have been forced to become day laborers—wages sixty-five cents for twelve hours. Cash wages are rarely paid, nor is the share-cropper likely to see any cash for his products. He must buy at the plantation store at 30 per cent above cash prices and frequently must pay interest. Conditions for Negro lumber workers (Louisiana has the largest output next to Oregon and Washington) are even worse; the workers have been ejected from company shacks all over the state, and the FERA has been too busy building $18 outhouses to provide them with proper homes. The bulk of domestic help in New Orleans is Negro; the average wage is under $4 a week.

The discrimination is seen even in federal relief. In New Orleans 66⅔ per cent of the people on relief are Negroes, but a white worker receives $16.80 a week, a Negro $10.50. Negro teachers in the FERA schools for adults receive $9.60 a week, white teachers, with lighter schedules, $14.40.

The Negro ward in Huey Long's "model" state charity hospital is a disgrace to civilization: patients sleep three in a bed, in chairs, on the floor; the screens are thick with dust; the place is filthy; ants crawl on the beds. The obstetrics ward would disgrace a Quechua Indian village. Shortly before his death, however, Huey boasted of the fine attention given Negroes in public clinics and hospitals. "Got to keep 'em healthy. That's fair and it's good sense. I said to them [the whites], you wouldn't want a colored woman watching over your children if she had pyorrhea, would you?" Note the psychology—they are to receive proper charity treatment merely to protect the health of the whites.

Last year a study of 523 Negro households was made by the social-service department of the Flint Goodrich Hospital and Tulane University. In the typical New Orleans residential district surveyed, probably the best for Negroes in the whole state, the streets, except for main thoroughfares, were unpaved, with such deep ruts that transit was impossible. The report adds: "The city street department at various times seeks to remedy this by dumping on the roads trash, garbage, and tin cans. The trash is often stacked three or four feet deep, and although it is supposed to have been put through incinerators, unburned garbage and dead animals are often uncovered." Elongated tenement buildings of approximately three dozen rooms are usually rented out a room to a family. A typical one had only four toilets in the front yard and running water in only six sinks in the lower gallery. There was no electric light or gas. Thirty-six such buildings in this district had been condemned. Only eight had actually been removed.

Louisiana illiteracy by the 1930 census was surpassed only by that of South Carolina. Negro illiteracy is 300 per cent higher than white. According to the 1932-33 Louisiana State School Report, an average of $44.98 was spent for each white pupil and $7.88 for each black pupil, although the constitution states that an equal amount shall be spent on both races, and the minimum is set at $12. During that school year—and things have not improved—the average number of days taught in white schools was 156, a decline of 20 days from the previous year, and in Negro schools, 100 days. The report shows that "$50,384.88 was spent on supplies for teaching white students; Negro schools received $6,116.58." In hundreds of Negro schools throughout Louisiana there are no desks; pupils write on their laps. Paper and pencils are often lacking. Often there are no blackboards. White teachers' salaries average $662 per annum, black teachers $219. School libraries in white schools got $30,560.89, Negro school libraries $818.20. Huey was always boasting that he provided buses to take Negro children to school—very necessary because of the inaccessible location of most Negro schools. In 1932-33, 3,388 buses transported 113,377 white children, including [this is unconstitutional] 3,328 children of private, mostly sectarian, schools, to and from classes. Nine buses in the whole state transported 305 Negro children; $1,521,604.34 was spent to transport white children, $2,549.65 for Negro children.

"Negro educational facilities are abundantly taken care of in New Orleans," smugly states an Association of Commerce Bulletin, May 30, 1934. Actually conditions are almost as appalling as in rural districts. The Crescent City with 130,000 Negroes boasts one four-year high school—"McDonogh 35," an old condemned brick structure, abandoned as a white grammar school decades ago, considered unsafe because of the railroad tracks running past the front-door, with gloomy rooms, creaky walls, no playgrounds, no assembly hall.

Grammar schools are worse, badly located, frequently in the red-light district. Thus in the J. P. Benjamin School district a survey last December showed that although 1,292 Negro children live there as opposed to 77 white children, the only school was for whites. At Lafon School inadequate police protection permits undesirables to hang around, and the children are in constant danger of being corrupted by

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dope fiends. In various Negro schools one teacher takes care of from 124 to 150 children. Accidents are common from collapse of parts of the buildings. Last year eight children were seriously injured when the stairs at the Arthur P. Williams School collapsed. This school is also surrounded by brothels.

When it came to Negroes the bitter political differences between Long and his old and new opponents vanished. Whenever the dread question of Negro rights arose, Huey Long and his followers were good Southerners. At local Share Our Wealth meetings, I have heard the following: "Now yo' niggas get back in the rear. Don' crowd up front where the white folks belong. Yo' welcome. Yo' can stay or go home, but don' sign any Share Our Wealth cards. They's fo' white folk."

In Louisiana there would seem, at first glance, to be perfect tinder for a Southern Nazi or Fascist movement, based on race brutality, prejudice, and violence. But unfortunately for any budding *Führer,* the Negro is already down to the lowest level of exploitation. No jobs for loyal followers would be gained by persecuting him further. The real fascism developed when the carpet-baggers were driven out. The resultant alliance of the old plantation owners and the new outside corporation interests, established by force, has kept the state under an American version of Nazism ever since.

Louisiana was built on the exploitation and murder first of the Indian, then of the Negro. Even in the earliest days the abuse of the Negroes became so vicious that Bienville issued his famous "Black Code," which detailed the manner in which slave-owners could discipline and manage their slaves. But abuse has continued to the present day, has narrowed the minds of the white citizens and brutalized their conduct. It has demoralized and prostituted the subnormal of city and country and profaned the history of Louisiana and the nation.

The Townsend Plan Exposed

By RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

DISSENSION within the movement for the Townsend old-age revolving-pension plan has been reported from a dozen widely scattered sections. The most serious rebellion is under way in Denver, but there is also trouble in Ohio, California, Oregon, Minnestota, Texas, Oklahoma, and several other states. The uprising in Colorado occurred early this year after the Townsend clubs of that state had sent three members to assist in the promotion of the plan in Washington. These delegates returned asserting that Dr. Townsend and R. E. Clements, "cofounder" of the movement, did not want enactment of the plan in the present Congress, but merely wanted to make enough of a showing to justify the continued solicitation of financial support, and that Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements proposed to keep control of the Townsend clubs of the nation in their own hands, and to remove from the organization all persons who persisted in efforts to establish rank-and-file control. These grave charges gave rise to a bitter quarrel in the Colorado movement, and eventually brought about the formation of the Citizens' Retirement Annuity League, Inc., a new organization working for the Townsend plan but repudiating the national officers. A publication called the *People* was established, and several radio addresses were delivered in Denver by Frank Peterson, former national publicity director for Dr. Townsend.

Peterson directed a series of accusations at the headquarters in Washington. He said that no one in the national office was bonded because no bonding company would accept the risk. He declared that Clements was at one time a California real-estate speculator and had injected the "acquisitive instinct" into the organization. When the pension scheme first began to attain popularity, Peterson charged, Clements was "broke," while at present "Mr. Clements possesses a beautiful Lincoln car back in California, his clothes are of the finest weave, he lives at the finest hotels and uses airplanes almost exclusively. All this from the pennies and nickels of the poor old people of California." Peterson also asserted that Clements and Townsend were reaping handsome dividends from the publication of the *Townsend Weekly,* official paper of the organization. He offered this amplification of his charges relative to the publication:

> Mr. Clements is a 50 per cent owner of the official *Townsend Weekly.* This newspaper has a circulation of 150,000 and has more than 50 employees on its payroll. It is truly a valuable piece of property, created by the pennies and nickels and dimes of the poor old people of this land. When the third issue came off the press, Mr. Clements told Congressman McGroarty that the paper was already showing a profit of $300 a week. Lately Mr. McGroarty has learned from what he considers reliable authority that the paper is netting Dr. Townsend and Mr. Clements $2,000 a week.

Clements and Dr. Townsend were further accused by Peterson of misusing their influence with the Congress to delay the passage of an adequate old-age pension law in order that they might continue to collect funds "from anxious and eager folks and relatives." Several months ago Frank E. Coulter, an economist of Portland, Oregon, visited Clements in Los Angeles and returned with the same story. After he had repeated it before several clubs he was banished from the Portland speakers' roll.

In various radio speeches Peterson charged that sums ranging from $150 to $400 for platform engagements were never turned in to the national Townsend treasury but "were kept in a private safe-deposit box in a Washington hotel by Dr. Townsend in the form of cash." When supporters of Townsend and Clements attempted to refute Peterson's claim that the *Townsend Weekly* was making large sums of money for those individuals, he asked why they clung so tenaciously to its ownership instead of turning over the paper to the organization. He concluded his verbal broadside with a challenge to Townsend and Clements to have him jailed if any of his contentions were untrue, but his defiance has not yet been accepted.

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Townsend's former publicity director also has stated that there are approximately 7,000,000 names on the Townsend-plan petitions instead of the 30,000,000 claimed by the organization. He has demanded to know what is being done with these petitions, and has hinted that "sucker lists" have been compiled from them.

Until recently no one apparently realized the revenue possibilities in the Townsend movement. However, Mr. Clements and his associates now seem to be awake to the opportunity. They have founded the Townsend National Legion of Honor with dues of one dollar a month, and high-powered publicists are exerting pressure on the old people to join this section of the movement. This is from the *Townsend Weekly* of July 22:

> The ideal and the plan of the Townsend National Legion is all but an inspiration or a revelation. . . . The Townsend National Legion is a Program of Proxy. It personalizes the purse that it substitutes for self. . . . Thousands of the world's best people do not possess the high qualifications for personal leadership in our great cause; yet they can partake in the program by letting their money become proxy for them. . . . Your dollars can become *you*. . . .

Printed in red across the bottom of the front page of the paper is a call for 50,000 members in the Townsend National Legion. The dues of one dollar a month would thus amount to $600,000 annually. The club membership, estimated conservatively at about 3,000,000 persons, is expected to contribute ten cents apiece a month for the maintenance of the national movement—in addition to dues for state and local purposes. If half of this number pays the quota, there is an additional $1,800,000 a year for headquarters. As one observer remarked, "They seem to be trying to start the Townsend plan with membership dues!" These are not the only source of revenue. There are sales of banners, pins, buttons, pictures and busts of Dr. Townsend, posters, and tire covers, not to speak of collections, picnic funds, and other schemes for extracting money from people already close to the bread line. Merchants in small communities are virtually coerced into buying Townsend placards to place in their windows.

With the possible exception of a few liberals who are vainly trying to steer the movement into progressive channels, most of the Townsend speakers copy the methods of Los Angeles evangelism. Dr. Townsend is compared to Gandhi, Jefferson, Lincoln, Washington, Moses, and Voltaire: "Lincoln was the Great Emancipator, Townsend is the Great Eradicator [of poverty]." One lecturer says the Townsend plan is a "labor of love." Another calls it "heaven-sent." Others term it "the cure for all economic and spiritual ills."

That the Townsend movement is operating under dictatorial rule can hardly be challenged. The most important portions of the by-laws are not subject to amendment. A club in St. Johns, Oregon, which refused to accept this sort of constitution was promptly dubbed "red," and later had its charter revoked because its president condemned the transactions tax. Congressman Martin of Colorado has written: "I learned that the Townsend movement is in the control of a limited or closed corporation of a few persons." State managers are appointed from Los Angeles, not left to the choice of the membership. Clements continually decries "local politics" and demands strict obedience to orders from headquarters. Townsend-club platforms are closed to all persons except those duly authorized by the overlords of the movement. A letter to the Portland *Oregonian* from a delegate to the recent district convention of Townsend clubs in Portland charged gag rule and dictatorship in the selection of an area advisory board.

Of great significance is the change from the original Townsend plan embodied in the McGroarty bill (HR 7154), which calls for a pension "not to exceed $200 a month." This might mean as little as ten cents a month and certainly is not the unequivocal $200 allotment which most of the followers of Townsend still believe they are seeking. Several other alterations have been made. Writing in *The Nation* for March 6, Raymond Gram Swing stated: "The one really meritorious argument for the Townsend plan is that in the first months it would set unemployed people to work through public spending." He was referring to the provision calling for the printing of two billion dollars to start the program. This feature has been eliminated from the new bill, which now includes little more than a national transactions tax.

Sponsorship of the Townsend plan in Congress by Representative McGroarty indicates another change in the movement, its deviation toward extreme conservatism. Mr. McGroarty's integrity has never been impugned, but there is no doubt that he is an extreme reactionary. So too, for that matter, is Dr. Townsend. The support of the Townsend clubs probably elected Dr. Townsend's friend and neighbor, the unspeakable Frank F. Merriam, governor of California over Upton Sinclair. Dr. Townsend flatly rejected the EPIC program of production for use because he said it was opposed to the profit system. It was through the influence of California's tories that Dr. Townsend became wedded to the sales tax as an essential part of his plan.

In Oregon, Townsend state headquarters have been urging club members not to participate in any move to recall Charles H. Martin, Oregon's utility-dominated governor, the most notorious anti-labor Chief Executive in the state's history. Townsend speakers have at the same time been attacking State Senators Peter Zimmerman and Byron Carney, and Ben T. Osborne, secretary of the State Federation of Labor, the real leaders of liberal thought in Oregon, who are whole-heartedly in favor of old-age pensions and have fought for them for several decades but refuse to stomach the Townsend sales tax and high-handed rule.

The Townsend rebellion in Minnesota has assumed considerable importance and the insurgent organization threatens to engulf the original unit. The new group is enthusiastic in its praise of Mr. McGroarty, probably because it has faith in his integrity and character. The insurgents believe that under him the organization at least would cease its frantic drive for funds. A liberal element in virtually every club wants the transaction tax abolished in favor of levies which would reach concentrated wealth.

Renewed revolt has just broken out in Townsend ranks in California over alleged mishandling by national headquarters of money contributed by the various clubs. Samuel J. Daly, organizer for the Santa Cruz district, has charged that funds which should have been returned to each of the eighty clubs in his territory have failed to arrive. He also has asserted that the national leaders have failed to account to the rank and file for the spending or disposal of thousands

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of dollars collected to advance the movement. A petition demanding that the national headquarters adopt an open financial policy is being circulated in Daly's district.

The prospect of $200 a month is the lodestone which Mr. Clements and his associates employ to attract the nickels and dimes of the aged. They evade the issue whenever they are confronted with the embarrassing fact that the present McGroarty bill provides for no such amount. Literally thousands of old people believe they are on the verge of receiving $2,400 a year from the government. I met one couple who planned to sell their furniture and send the proceeds to Townsend headquarters. Of course this cruel exploitation is being facilitated by politicians who shout, "Vote for me and get your $200 in the next mail!" At present there is no indication that solicitation of contributions is to be curtailed. Dr. George W. Bunton of the National Legion has just suggested that each member try to send $25 to his unit! "Doubtless," he writes, "there are 10,000 persons who will read this article who with or without sacrifice could make such a donation to the Townsend Legion."

One is moved to ask why persons who can pay out $25 at one time "without sacrifice" need an old-age pension—particularly when that pension is to be financed by the working people and farmers of the nation. Or if it is "with sacrifice" one wonders whether the Townsend movement was organized so that needy old people might be provided with pensions or so that needy old people might provide expense money for glib-tongued organizers.

The German Underground Movement

By KURT ROSENFELD

ADOLF Hitler's seizure of power in Germany was possible only because his opponents were disunited and he was able to defeat them one by one. Of the 35,363,744 votes cast at the Reichstag elections of November 6, 1932, the Nazis received only 11,737,185. The Social Democrats received 7,251,410 votes and the Communists 5,980,240. Thus these two Marxist parties with their total of 13,231,650 votes had more supporters than the Nazis. The other parties obtained 10,394,909 votes—the Catholic Center about four million and liberal groups about one million.

The Reichstag elections of March 5, 1933, showed a great Nazi upswing, for which Hitler could thank the Reichstag fire and the resulting murderous agitation against the Communists. The Nazi vote rose to 17,269,629; the Social Democratic Party held its position with 7,177,294 votes; while the Communists, against whom the Nazi terror was chiefly directed, lost a million, retaining only 4,845,651. But still the Nazis lacked a half-million votes for a majority. They achieved a majority only through a coalition with the Nationalists, who had received 3,235,896 votes. A large number of these Nationalists are today vigorous opponents of fascism.

But a mere majority was of little use to the Nazis if they wanted to alter the Constitution with even apparent legality, since a change in the Constitution required a two-thirds vote. The dissension among the anti-fascists gave Hitler the opportunity, unconstitutionally, to declare the Communist votes invalid and in this way to permit the National Socialist–Nationalist government of Hitler and Hugenberg to "achieve" a two-thirds majority. On this breach of the constitution and on the fact that the other anti-fascist parties kept silent rests the apparent legality of Hitler's seizure of power.

Since the Nazis, even at the peak of their power, had only a part of the people behind them, power, once seized, could be maintained only by terror. The great masses of voters who marked their ballots against Hitler (22,000,000) have not been won over by Hitler, least of all the two Marxist parties with their 12,000,000 voters. Even those who believe that Hitler has since won the allegiance of many of those who voted against him before and after his seizure of power admit that there are still millions—liberals, Catholics, Jews, and Marxists—whose opposition to the Nazi system has remained unshakable, despite propaganda and the bloody "educative" arts of Hitler. It was of course possible by means of the Nazi terror to prevent these millions from displaying any overt opposition. For the time being they have been driven into illegal underground activity.

The largest German workers' organization, the Social Democratic Party, with its full million of organized followers, and the German trade unions allied with it by interlocking directorates and political agreement were wholly unprepared for this illegal war against Hitlerism. Most leaders of the Social Democrats and the trade-union organizations believed, even after January 30, 1933, the day of Hitler's appointment to the chancellorship, that they would be able to fight in the parliamentary field. It did not occur to them to begin the battle at once underground. It is clear that with this attitude the strongest German workers' organization could be destroyed overnight, and its members could afterward begin underground work only gradually and in limited areas and partly in opposition to the opinions of their leaders.

As regards the underground movement, the Social Democratic Party cannot be considered a unified structure. The leaders of the party, who were in possession of whatever party funds were salvaged, have only gradually entered upon the underground struggle, whereas the left wing of the party and the non-party Socialists allied with it have waged this fight from the beginning. It is characteristic of the situation in the Social Democratic Party that the official directorate, sitting in Prague, adopted a resolution at the beginning of this year to withdraw financial support from a party group carrying on illegal work in Germany because it would no longer submit to instructions from Prague.

Entirely different was the situation of the Communist Party of Germany. In the process of development after the revolution of 1918 it had had to undergo many forms of repression exercised against the party itself or organizations created by it, such as the League of Red Front Fighters. Long before Hitler's seizure of power it had made prepara-

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tions for an illegal fight and could withdraw from the surface of the political arena into the underground movement without leaving behind anything but buildings and institutions which were so deeply in debt that the Nazis had very little joy of them. The Communist Party transformed its entire organization very quickly and was prepared to engage in underground activities almost immediately.

Confident of an ultimate triumph over Hitler the Communist Party, a great part of the Social Democratic Party, and the several numerically insignificant groups standing between the two great parties went resolutely into the illegal fight, which was and is being waged with all possible weapons. There is no German border without a gap in its guard. And through every gap in the border defense illegal books and pamphlets are smuggled into the Third Reich. By train and by car, by boat and by airplane, to say nothing of the Reich Post Office, the literature of enlightenment reaches the Nazi domain. Leaflets which resemble in binding and in their first pages common editions of other books bring the famous "Brown Book" or other anti-fascist writings and manifestos into Adolf Hitler's Reich. Especially liked and safe from discovery for a long time were pamphlets which bore the covers of widely distributed cheap editions of the classics. Some books went through the post office as "fresh asparagus." Exposed films on which messages have been photographed are sent by mail in light-proof sealed envelopes to anti-Nazis who know that the letter may be opened only in a dark room. If an enemy opens the letter the first ray makes the film blank. Small balloons with anti-fascist publications attached are sent over the German border by night when the wind is favorable. Countless leaflets are prepared in Germany itself in secret printing establishments or on mimeographing machines. There are also newspapers which appear more or less regularly in Germany—the *Neue Vorwärts,* organ of the Socialist Party, and the *Rote Fahne,* organ of the Communist Party. Numerous other pamphlets and newspapers appear, especially in the large cities. In Berlin individual districts and individual blocks and factories have their own special newspapers. I know the names of twenty-one of these. To support the issuance of these papers, an illegal "press service of the Berlin-Brandenburg district of the C. P." appears regularly.

The distribution of leaflets entails special dangers because unexpected street patrols can easily lead to detection. The underground workers circumvent this danger by leaving a stack of leaflets on the roof of a house at night for the first wind flurry to disperse in the streets. When the Nazi search the roofs, no one is to be found. More interesting is the use of productive processes in industry for the distribution of illegal propaganda. The leaflets are placed on the conveyor belt in the factory and carried through the whole factory to the workers; in the mines the empty returning wagons are filled with them; leaflets are distributed at night on trains used for the transportation of workers.

The radio, too, is used by the underground movement. Again and again the Nazis, especially in the German frontier districts, have been disturbed by the truths which come from abroad through the air to Germany. We need only recall the emigrant who was murdered in Czecho-Slovakia by Nazi agents because he was suspected of having sent news to Germany on behalf of the Black Front, formerly a Nazi group but now working illegally.

The first signs of the effect of the underground movement were observable in 1934 when workers began to express their discontent by sabotaging factory meetings and by appearing in ever smaller numbers at Nazi ceremonies. When the Nazi leaders compelled the presence of workers through strict check-up, the speakers met with an icy reception if not with open resistance. At the celebration arranged by the Nazis in Munich in May of this year so few workers appeared that the entire celebration had to be canceled.

Even more clearly does the significance of the underground movement manifest itself in factory unrest, which leads to countless cases of passive resistance and to many strikes. At the Daimler works in Stuttgart in 1935 sabotage by passive resistance achieved tremendous success. In Berlin and in other industrial centers thousands of workers struck in war-material factories, although for these branches of industry especially severe ordinances have been issued, threatening every movement among the workers with the most severe punishment. At the submarine works at Vegesack during a strike a considerable battle took place between workers and police. In the Wanderer works at Chemnitz in Saxony 6,000 workers struck, and in Stuttgart 3,000 struck in the Neckars-Ulmer Union works, where motors are constructed. These strikes were not generally based upon political demands, like the restoration of the stolen right to strike, to organize, and to assemble; the strikers sought only to hinder wage cuts or demanded wage increases or better conditions. Yet they were forbidden.

The most deplorable but also the surest proof of the growing underground movement is furnished by the frightful measures directed against the activity of the "enemies of the state" and by the brutal sentences of the so-called courts of justice. It is impossible to give the exact number of convictions since many trials are held *in camera* and often only meager newspaper items give the results. We know only those convictions that are announced or are reported by anti-fascist observers. According to very carefully compiled statistics of the German Red Aid for the first half-year of 1935, known convictions are as follows:

	Persons Sentenced	*Hard Labor, Years*	*Imprisonment, Years*
January	407	585.9	299.4
February	662	757.7	594.2
March	485	879.8	417.9
April	250	300	200
May	239	387.9	200
June	375	708.8	276.6

Unfortunately, the underground movement still suffers from the fact that the anti-fascists have not yet formed a united front. Besides the fight against the common enemy some of the illegal literature contains attacks on brother groups. Nevertheless, the underground united front between Socialists and Communists is growing steadily. In the Berlin-Brandenburg district the following document was signed on June 29, 1935:

> In the recognition that the situation is extremely urgent and that only united action of the working class can be successful, the undersigned directorates of the Socialist Party of Germany and the Red Aid have entered into an agreement by which they pledge themselves, without detriment to their respective political and philosophical outlooks, to (a) common measures against fascist terror and against spies and provocateurs, (b) common sup-

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port of the victims of fascist terror, without regard to their party affiliations and beliefs, (c) common measures for raising funds for their support, (d) the creation of organizational facilities for the performance of work.

By making this public, the undersigned directorates pledge all the groups subordinate to themselves to conform to the instructions of the district authorities relative to common work and to display on their own part the greatest possible initiative in the field of united struggle.

To all foes of fascist terror outside their own ranks the undersigned organizations direct an appeal not to stand aside, but to help with all their powers to widen the united front against fascist terror.

This agreement was reached by the Socialist Party, not with the Communist Party directly, but with the Red Aid. But the Communist Party gave the agreement its full recognition, approval, and support, and a united-front Socialist-Communist agreement has *in effect* been concluded and is being duplicated in other parts of Germany.

Happily, thousands of Catholic workers, especially in western Germany, and many liberals are also working with the Marxists. The fight against the common enemy unites the anti-fascists. Nazi leaders have become genuinely nervous. Industrial, financial, and political difficulties are swamping them. But their opponents have as yet no power to put an end to the Third Reich. This power can come only from the underground movement, whose stern training is developing the men and women who will take the control of Germany into their own hands.

England Faces War

By HAROLD J. LASKI

London, October 4

WE await with grave anxiety the decision of the League. As I write, Italian aggression is a fact, and the future of collective security hangs by a thread. No one can say with certainty what is to happen. French opinion is divided between those who want to prove the strength of the League and those who, like the Prime Minister, want to pay it formal tribute but only so much as does not jeopardize Franco-Italian relations. Russia and most of the smaller powers are wholly pro-League. But the attitudes of semi-fascist powers—Austria, Poland, Hungary, and Yugoslavia—is still uncertain. In the background the shadow of Hitler looms like a vague grim menace whose meaning it is difficult indeed to determine.

What of England? Ever since Sir Samuel Hoare's speech of September 11 at Geneva this country has taken the lead there in insisting that if Italy challenges the League, the reality of collective sanctions must be proved. What is behind this determination? A long record, alas, of doubt and hesitation; as Lord Cecil has well said, good as was Sir Samuel Hoare's speech, it was made one year too late. We have known at least for that time of Mussolini's Abyssinian ambitions. Yet not until June were steps taken to arrest them. The issue has been consistently evaded. It was not until August that Mr. Eden, at the League Council, made Mussolini feel that Great Britain meant seriously to apply the Covenant if she could. Why the delay? Why the sudden decisiveness? Was it the peace ballot on which millions recorded their enthusiasm for the League? Was it the realization that an Italian occupation of Ethiopia was a threat to British security in Africa? Was it a realization that if Mussolini were allowed an unrestrained triumph, every reckless adventurer in Europe would take it as an invitation to aggression?

We do not know. We know only that, whatever the causes, Great Britain stands at Geneva for collective action against Italian aggression. We do not yet know the form that action is to take. Rumor varies from a proposal for serious sanctions to measures which will have their appearance without the reality. My own judgment is that the latter view is likely to be correct. I think Mussolini will have some kind of triumph, and then conclude a deal with France and Great Britain which the League will be persuaded to ratify. The independence of Ethiopia will be reduced to a bare form. But European peace will have been saved; and the fact that the League has ratified the settlement will be used as a proof that its principles have triumphed. The really interesting thing after the conclusion of peace will be the ways devised to correct Italy's financial position. Without foreign loans (Mussolini is said to have received large credits from France) the present dictatorship cannot last. Will it receive a European loan? If not, what will be the attitude of the great powers to a revolutionary Italy which supersedes it? And will the settlement, whatever its nature, lead to an epoch of security if, as Mr. Chamberlain has announced, Great Britain, in the light of this crisis, is to proceed to large-scale rearmament? In my own view, only a victory for socialism at the forthcoming general election can prevent that tragedy. Such a victory being highly problematical, I believe we have entered upon an epoch of imperialist conflict certain to lead in the end to European war.

What of British opinion in this crisis? In the Conservative Party the general tendency has been strongly progovernment; only a few unimportant voices have been raised for isolation. But Conservative opinion strongly demands wholesale rearmament, and the government will accede to this demand. What kind of peace conservatism envisages at the close of the present operations, no one knows. It is only certain that any peace which localizes the conflict will meet with its approval.

The Labor Party has just passed through a passionate debate over the crisis in its annual conference at Brighton. Three views were given expression there. The Christian pacifist view, voiced by Mr. Lansbury, was for British abstention from any action which might involve the use of force, on the ground that this is unmoral. The view was heard with respect but without conviction. I think its expression will cost Mr. Lansbury the leadership of the Labor Party since, clearly, the party cannot be effectively led by a man who does not accept the fundamental consequences of its foreign policy. A view expressed by Sir Stafford Cripps was that this war was in essence a conflict of imperialisms; that the League was merely a theater of antagonisms between satisfied imperialist powers like England and France and dis-

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satisfied ones like Italy; that Socialists cannot support a capitalist government in a policy leading to war without being trapped as in 1914; that the business of Socialists is to secure a Socialist victory, and this involves a refusal to be involved in support of a League which does not express or fulfil Socialist objectives. Sir Stafford's speech was the most brilliant analysis of the conference. It did not, however, impress it for two reasons: first, as late as last May Sir Stafford was supporting sanctions; and, second, his views of the League made it difficult to explain the attitude of Russia and the Scandinavian countries, which have Socialist governments.

The third view, that of the National Executive, finally prevailed by 2,100,000 votes to 100,000. It expressed support of the League in taking action to restrain Italy's aggression, whatever the consequences. The motives which led to this decision are complicated: (1) the sense that since the party, ever since 1918, has been in favor of the use of sanctions against an aggressor, it could not run away from the application of its policy the first time there was a chance of it, especially after its denunciation of the government's refusal to act in the Sino-Japanese dispute; (2) the widespread hatred of fascism, and the sense that the defeat of Mussolini might be a decisive blow at its prestige; (3) the conviction that since Russia and all the Socialist parties of Europe were in favor of sanctions, this could not be legitimately regarded as an imperialist war; (4) the sense that if Italy's aggression were unimpeded, we had no hope of avoiding a European war as soon as Hitler was ready to embark upon it.

But the decisive vote of the conference does not obscure grave doubts in the mind of Labor. These were expressed by Mr. Herbert Morrison in the superb speech with which he closed the debate—a speech which may well make him the next Labor Prime Minister. Labor's support of the government, he said, was conditional. The latter must apply the whole of the Covenant to the settlement of the dispute. It must make no imperialist settlement. It must deal with the underlying economic issues, even to the extent of being willing to place its own Crown colonies under League control.

The future is full of perplexities. What will Labor do if a fictitious League settlement is patched up? It cannot go to the country in the next few months upon a cry that war should have been made on Italy rather than a bad settlement accepted. If there is a patched-up peace, will Labor any longer believe that collective security means anything in a predominantly capitalist world? If the situation so develops that sanctions involving war with Italy have to be applied, what will Labor do? Will it recruit for the government? Will it ask for a definition of the peace the government will support? Will it oppose the government if the latter refuses to reveal its hand? Has it not, in fact, been trapped as in 1914 into support of a government whose actions it is powerless to control? We have, as yet, no answers to these questions. What will be the attitude of Labor to the proposals of the government for rearmament? The government will say that, granted the rearmament of nations outside the League, especially Germany, it cannot fulfil its obligations to the League without additional expenditure. That is the view of its technical advisers, and they would advise a Labor government in the same sense. Since Labor now supports the government in its attitude to the League, what is its answer? What attitude will Labor take if, in the event of war, the government brings in a new Defense of the Realm Act and operates that Incitement to Disaffection Act against which Labor fought so earnestly last year?

I add that, in my own view, there is no likelihood at all of a split in the Labor ranks. Whatever their differences on the question of sanctions, Socialists will find themselves opposed to any solution this government will accept as the way out of the present crisis. They will find that they have been supporting an abstract or conceptual League which has no relation to the present League. They will find that neither their purposes nor their conditions command any support from the "National" government. The latter dare not abandon the League in theory and openly; but the Paris negotiations and even later conversations show that it will make a deal with Italy if it possibly can. This deal may be covered with some fig-leaf of international convention. It will leave Labor convinced that collective security, in any effective sense, is definitely unattainable in a capitalist world. As a result the need for a complete reconsideration of the foundations of policy by the party will be apparent.

Correspondence

Is Ex-Lax Dangerous?

To the Editors of The Nation:

Our attention has been called to an article in *The Nation* of July 17 by Richard Lee Strout, based on a statement previously made before the Federal Communications Commission by Dr. A. J. Cramp, in which our product, Ex-Lax, among other products, has been unjustly slandered.

Unfortunately this article appeared in print before we had an opportunity to file our answer to Dr. Cramp's charges. However, on July 26 we duly transmitted to the Federal Communications Commission a detailed statement refuting every one of Dr. Cramp's charges as far as Ex-Lax is concerned. Limitation of space prevents us from giving the statement in full, but it is filed with the F. C. C. and may be examined by anyone interested.

In our statement we quoted no less than twenty-five authorities, some of international repute, to disprove Dr. Cramp's various charges against Ex-Lax, one of which is that the medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax, which is phenolphthalein, "*may* form a habit."

Dr. Cramp lays much stress on the statement issued in 1933 by Dr. F. J. Cullen of the Federal Food and Drug Administration warning the public against phenolphthalein products. This is evidently the backbone of Dr. Cramp's charges. It is interesting to note, however, that after a further and more thorough study of the effects of phenolphthalein, Dr. Cullen openly and courageously announced his complete reversal of his original stand on phenolphthalein. In his recent article, The Question of Phenolphthalein and its Effects (*Standard Remedies,* September, 1935), Dr. Cullen says:

> A more exhaustive study of the effects of phenolphthalein since the issuance of that article has resulted in a change in my opinion as to its harmful effects. . . . I personally know of a number of people who have consumed large quantities of phenolphthalein *without harmful results.* It is recommended very extensively as a laxative by physicians, and is used in hospitals.

Brooklyn, N. Y. September 30 I. Matz,
President, Ex-Lax, Inc.

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To the Editors of The Nation:

Through your courtesy I have had the opportunity of seeing a copy of the "detailed statement" sent by Ex-Lax, Inc., to the Federal Communications Commission. It is true that there were twenty-five authorities quoted, but, with three exceptions, all the quotations were a quarter of a century or more old. Furthermore, no quotations of the past two or three years, in which the potential harmfulness of phenolphthalein was brought out, were given.

Phenolphthalein has only been in extensive use for about fifteen or twenty years. It is not surprising, therefore, that the medical literature of twenty-five years or more ago had little to say regarding its possibly harmful effects. There is no getting around the fact that there have been reported in medical literature cases of albuminuria, cardiac weakness, irregular respiration, gastro-intestinal disturbances, blood in the urine, skin eruptions, and recurring ulcers of the mouth due to the use of phenolphthalein.

It is an exaggeration to state that in my address to the Federal Communications Commission I laid "much stress on the statement issued in 1933 by Dr. F. J. Cullen of the Federal Food and Drug Administration warning the public against phenolphthalein products." I did not stress it; I merely mentioned the fact. As to Dr. Cullen's about-face on phenolphthalein, one can but allow the facts to speak for themselves: In 1933, as a government employee in the Federal Food and Drug Administration, Dr. Cullen warned the public against phenolphthalein products; in 1935, as an employee of the "patent-medicine" interests (Proprietary Association), Dr. Cullen states that "a more exhaustive study of the effects of phenolphthalein since the issuance of that article has resulted in a change in my opinion as to its harmful effects." *The Journal of the American Medical Association* for September 21, 1935, commenting upon Dr. Cullen's reversal of opinion, asked, "Have new controlled studies been reported to warrant such a remarkable change of front, or is there just a new job?"

But all this is really incidental. The question is not whether a given drug, when prescribed under scientific control, may or may not be a useful and even valuable substance, but whether a drug known to have potentialities for harm should be sold under misleading claims in the enticing form of candy for the indiscriminate use of a public that knows nothing about the problem involved.

Chicago, October 5

Arthur J. Cramp,
Director, Bureau of Investigation,
American Medical Association

Professor Oppenheimer

To the Editors of The Nation:

The arrival in this country of the grand old man of German sociology will arouse kind remembrances in the minds of many of us.

Franz Oppenheimer kept himself continuously aloof from the petty struggles of daily politics, and his main endeavor was to show a new road for German progressive thought. His whole life-work (and few men, even in that hard-working Germany, have produced such a number of challenging books as he, culminating in his monumental work on the "System of Sociology," in eight volumes, covering almost 4,500 pages) was devoted to a new foundation of socialism, called by him liberal socialism. Accepting almost without qualification Marx's criticism of the capitalistic system, Franz Oppenheimer tried to demonstrate that though Marx truly described the results of the capitalistic system, yet he erred in evaluating the causes of the capitalistic crisis. According to Professor Oppenheimer, it is not private property in general, competition, anarchy of production, or technological unemployment which pushes the system toward disaster, but the sickness of the agricultural structure of society caused by feudal monopolies and by the artificial concentration of landed property in the hands of usurpers of political power. These "political means" have created that "industrial army of reserve" which Marx put at the center of his system as the immediate cause of exploitation, low wages, slow starvation, and incapacity of producers to purchase their own products.

From this diagnosis it follows that the real cure for our society would not be the creation of an artificial and compulsory communistic system, but the liberation of the soil and its transfer to those who are eager and able to develop the natural resources of the community. With the disappearance of a surplus landless agricultural population, the abnormal concentration in industrial cities would cease, wages would continuously rise with the growing productivity of labor, and the monopoly of the capitalistic class would be broken. In this way the capitalistic system would develop into a more and more cooperative economic structure in which ultimately free associations of the producers would replace capitalistic monopoly. There would be no place for either rent or profit.

In these ideas Franz Oppenheimer feels himself in some measure the follower of Saint-Simon, Proudhon, and John Stuart Mill in his later period. Two great Americans, H. C. Carey and Henry George, have exercised a decisive influence on his thought. Among the Germans, Eugene Dühring and Theodore Hertzka may be regarded as his precursors. However, his system is a deeply original contribution to social philosophy, and his final solution, the *Siedelungsgenossenschaft,* internal colonization on a vast scale creating new industrial markets around the new agricultural nuclei, became the principal aim of his practical activity. He studied the evolution of the state in the fields of history, ethnology, and social and racial psychology in order to prove his diagnosis of the pathology of our present society, and promoted several notable experiments in agricultural productive associations. The *Siedelungen* Bärenklau and Eden in Brandenburg were especially successful.

Franz Oppenheimer very soon realized that the struggle between the increasingly inefficient capitalistic system and its communistic remedy would destroy our Western civilization if no other therapy were offered. At the end of a brilliant academic career in Berlin and Frankfort he felt the need of going among the people to fire an intellectual "pistol shot on the street" (as Charles Gide called the first book of Proudhon) which would impress even the average citizen with the danger of a situation which can only end—according to the inevitable logic of the opposing principles—in fascism or bolshevism.

The message of Franz Oppenheimer remained unheard. The German catastrophe came, and the tension between fascism and bolshevism is continuously growing in the world; yet the faith of Oppenheimer, now a septuagenarian, remains unbroken. He cannot believe in a world order which would sacrifice security and decent living to the claims of a Manchesterian capitalism. He cannot believe in a system which would sacrifice personal freedom and human dignity to a compulsory and terroristic system of security and economic equalization.

That is the reason that his eyes are now turned so eagerly toward the great experiment which is going on in this country. He came to America in order to study, above all, the work of the AAA, because his conviction is unaltered that the only real solution lies in the agricultural field. It is to be hoped that Professor Oppenheimer will enjoy the satisfaction of contributing something to the practical realization of those ideas to which he has devoted his whole strenuous, fighting, and unselfish life.

Oberlin, Ohio, October 15

Oscar Jaszi

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Labor and Industry

Minneapolis—One Year Later

By CARLOS HUDSON

Minneapolis

MRS. EBERT, housewife, is being cross-examined at the mass public trial—The People *vs.* Mayor Latimer—held under the auspices of the Non-Partisan Labor Defense to determine exactly what happened on the night of September 11 when the police fired on a crowd of men and women at the Flour City Ornamental Iron Works, where the workers were on strike. Two boys were killed that night and thirty people injured.

> Q. You say before the police started to shoot, the people were standing in the street in front of your house?
>
> A. Yes, I tell you how I saw it. I saw people standing there like it was in my church it was so quiet. I belong to the Pentecost Church. It was on the corner like it was in my church. . . . It was so quiet that I don't know a strike was there. I could see nothing. Then I heard a shot. I thought it was something else, and then it came again a second time, and then there came right there on the corner where I live, people standing all quiet, a rush, and my heart almost stopped beating. The people started to run up in my yard and I bet I had a hundred people there. One of the cars then came close to the house, then I took the people inside so they could get away from this. Then comes the police with the shotguns, running, I don't know how many, about fifteen or twenty of them, and then shots. I started back in my house and started to pray to God that if I was able, that no soul should be harmed in my house. The police were shooting and I heard screams and then I heard, I don't know, I think it was the ambulance was taking two people right away from between my house and the next house. Right on the porch they was shot. Then after I thought everything was quiet and I went to the window and then I stepped to the side and then there was a pain in my arm. It was a shot from the window.

The Ornamental Iron workers won their strike. Now the local press announces the formation of vigilante gangs to war on strike leaders. The employers are split into warring factions. Farmer-Labor Mayor Latimer stumbles off to Washington to invoke the aid of William Green. The strike of the Strutwear hosiery workers drags on, with the employers pressing hard on the police to reopen the plant although it would be certain to provoke another massacre.

The Minneapolis labor movement has been torn asunder in recent months by the long-distance manipulations of Daniel J. Tobin, president of the International Teamsters' Union, functioning through T. E. Cunningham, president of the State Federation of Labor, and other local trade-union officials. Actually there exist today two trade-union movements, each with its own headquarters and press: the Central Labor Union (A. F. of L.) and those workers grouped around Local 574, which won such a dramatic victory in 1934. The official central body has its headquarters behind a bank building in the financial district. Its offices resemble those of a brokerage firm still struggling along waiting for the "turn." Its official organ, the *Labor Review,* is one of those typical labor weeklies whose editorial columns accurately reflect the temperature of the labor movement and forever fail to give a diagnosis.

In the workers' district, a mile away, in a large building which formerly housed a roller-skating rink, are the headquarters of Local 574. At any hour of the day or night one finds some sort of meeting in progress. On Monday the full membership of the General Drivers' union gathers, on Tuesday the taxi drivers, on Wednesday the ice drivers or the market workers, on Thursday the independent truck owners. A large unit of federal workers recently organized by Local 574 meets each Friday evening in the third-floor auditorium. Every Saturday night there is dancing. A workers' forum is held Sunday afternoon. In one or another of the numerous halls a stewards' meeting is usually in session; or a group of raw workers is busy organizing itself, with the help of 574. On the second floor is located what must be the most popular bar in town, where every evening crowds of workers with their wives and sweethearts sit around the tables gossiping, or dance to the music of a mandolin and guitar. It is doubtful whether, since the 1890's, a union has come to mean so much to so many thousands of workers.

Local 574 has been forced outside the American Federation of Labor. Yet in membership and prestige it is stronger than ever. Just a year has passed since the elections terminating the strike of General Drivers' Local 574 gave to that union the right to represent the majority of the workers in the local trucking industry. The employers, since their defeat, have steered clear of a showdown with Local 574, but that does not mean that the General Drivers' union has not engaged in numerous battles, all of them in behalf of brother unions. Besides rescuing the strikes of the iron workers and the hosiery workers, members of 574 have appeared on the picket lines in the Arrowhead steel strike, the Minneapolis-St. Paul mechanics' strike of last January, the Fargo drivers' strike of last winter, and the New England building-trades strike. In each instance the truck drivers gave a good account of themselves. A picket detachment from 574 is bad news both to employers and the police.

The story of how Local 574, with its militant record, was squeezed out of the local labor movement has significance for every worker. In April, 1935, a letter arrived from Daniel Tobin demanding that Local 574 hand over its charter. The ostensible reason was that the Minneapolis body was not keeping up its per capita payments. The real reason of course was that the general policies of Mr. Tobin and the local trade-union officialdom collide at every step with the policies of the Workers' Party men in the leadership of Local 574. When a committee from the Minneapolis Central Labor Union journeyed to Indianapolis to question Tobin, he amplified his demands. He called upon the Minneapolis union to deny membership to all "inside" workers, independent truck drivers, and those who do not devote at least 51 per cent of their time to driving; he demanded that the ice drivers, the coal drivers, and the taxi drivers be organized in separate locals; he further demanded that a new

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charter be issued on the following basis: all present officers and active members of Local 574 to be denied membership; all applications for membership to be subject to Tobin's approval; the teamsters' joint council to reorganize the local under supervision of Tobin's special representative. These shameful demands, which would have reduced the local labor movement to impotency, were actually more reactionary than those put forward by the employers last summer.

The action of the International Teamsters bewildered the majority of local trade unionists. The central body was evenly divided on the question of expelling Local 574 from its ranks, but the threat of further expulsions from the A. F. of L. was effective. For six months Local 574 has been a fatherless child, though certainly a precocious kid and well able to take care of itself. Nevertheless, despite its treatment at the hands of the International and of the city and state federation officials, Local 574 is by no means anti-A. F. of L. A recent issue of the *Organizer* states: "Local 574 believes that the A. F. of L. is the proper organization for the American workers, it supports the A. F. of L. in every manner possible, it believes that its expulsion from that body was unjustified and is fighting for reinstatement."

Five or ten years ago a union could hardly have stood up under the blows the Minneapolis organization has received. The depression years have had their effect on the workers, and revolutionists have come a long way since the days of De Leon, the I. W. W., and the late unlamented T. U. U. L. So Local 574, though ostensibly an "outlaw," is in reality an integral part of the official labor movement. It forms a joint council with the unions of the filling-station attendants and the automobile mechanics. Its leaders are invited to sit in on all strike committees. The organizer of the Central Labor Union comes to 574's hall and appeals for help on the picket lines. A few days ago a delegated conference of fifteen local unions met in the machinists' headquarters and voted to send resolutions to Tobin, Green, the State Federation of Labor, and the Central Labor Union, demanding reinstatement of Local 574 as essential to the welfare of all local unions.

The trade-union movement is further complicated by the local political set-up. The municipal elections of last June brought to power for the first time a Farmer-Labor mayor and a Farmer-Labor majority in the city council. The Farmer-Labor Party campaigned on pledges not to use the police in industrial disputes, and to fight for more liberal unemployment relief. These campaign promises have been broken. Two weeks after taking office, Mayor Thomas Latimer personally escorted strike-breakers through the iron workers' picket line. In August the police were used several times against the Strutwear strikers. One of the officers of the General Drivers, Vincent Dunne, received three broken ribs at the hands of the police and a sentence of fifteen days in the workhouse for his picketing activities in behalf of the Strutwear workers. In the second week in September it was the "Farmer-Labor cops" who wound up their three-night attack on the picket line at the Flour City plant with a murder charge in armored cars. The Farmer-Labor administration has cut down on relief allowances and has twice used riot squads to break up unemployed demonstrations. To cap the climax, it is Mayor Latimer who has taken the lead in forming an "employer-employee committee" to bring about "industrial peace." State and city leaders of the "official" labor movement have conveyed to Mayor Latimer that he will have their support should it become necessary to exercise law and order against "unlawful picketing." "Progress," says the Mayor, "has been and is being endangered by industrial strife. . . . I call upon both employers and employees to use the means of adjustment provided by this board, and in future misunderstandings which may arise, to follow this same orderly procedure without interruption of operations."

The statement has a familiar ring, but hitherto it has not been heard from labor mayors. Members of Latimer's committee include President Cunningham of the State Federation of Labor, two other conservative trade-union officials, a vice-president of the local Manufacturing Association, the managers of the Northern States Power Company and of General Mills—neither of whom has allowed a union within hollering distance of his workers—and a seventh "neutral" member, director of a local industrial institute. As Bill Brown, 574's president, put it: "The board bats four to three against the labor fakers, and seven to nothing against the workers." It is extremely doubtful whether this latest industrial peace plan has a future; the waves of tear gas and the ping of bullets furnish too discordant a background. The local unions continue to negotiate directly with the employers. And the latter, though they call for "a sane and reasonable development of the labor movement," refuse to arbitrate, continue to organize vigilantes, and import such men as Richard Enright, former New York police commissioner, to appear at luncheon clubs and call openly for violence against the "reds and other lawless elements."

In the meantime the General Drivers' union continues to forge ahead and win increasing support for its struggle against the right-wingers. In the past few days it has signed what amounts to closed-shop contracts with the employers in the coal and transfer industries. When one of the employers jokingly mentioned to Local 574's secretary that his group had received a tempting offer from another union (Tobin's Local 500, a reconstituted drivers' union without officers or members), the reply was: "You can sign agreements right and left with all the organizations you wish. But when you're all through, you will still have to deal with Local 574—because we've got the men." Local 574 has the men in Minneapolis—and the leadership.

The actions of the city officials have not passed without protest in Farmer-Labor ranks. The night after the shootings at the Flour City plant, the Farmer-Labor Women's Federation called an open meeting. The Mayor was booed loudly as he begged for three more months in which to prove himself. He was repudiated by sincere Farmer-Laborites—aldermen and state representatives—who called for his expulsion from the party and his recall from office. The parties of the right grow fat on Latimer's mistakes; the parties of the left are busy drawing the lessons of the Farmer-Labor disaster. Local branches of the Communist Party and the Workers' Party of the United States work overtime with meetings and proclamations. At the Farmer-Labor Hennepin County central meeting the delegates cursed their elected representatives for hours and finally decided to ignore them. Rank-and-filers are asking, What is the use of electing our representatives to office if the only result is that we are forced to give up the struggle to improve our conditions?

Incidentally the Minneapolis battles are bringing the

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old-time rebels out of their lairs. From Christian Socialists to ageless wobblies, they are making pilgrimages to Minneapolis and the 574 hall to see for themselves the new militants, to offer advice, to recall old times. Last week an old Socialist, inactive in the movement since he was jailed as a war objector, came back to town. "I've just made the rounds of the country, and Minneapolis is the hope of the movement," he said. "I heard things were breaking wide open here, and I've come to see the fireworks." So far he has not been disappointed.

Butte Remembers Big Bill Haywood

By KINSEY HOWARD

Butte, Montana, October 9

THE ghost of Big Bill Haywood is stalking the scarred battlements of Butte's copper hill again, prompting and dominating the Butte miners' union, Local No. 1 of the International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers—an industrial union. Butte was Local No. 1 in the Western Federation of Miners, Bill Haywood's bloody, roaring army of thirty years ago, which fought and died on a hundred fronts in the cause of industrial unionism. From its agony was born the Industrial Workers of the World, America's first truly proletarian revolutionary movement.

Butte is still Local No. 1 in W. F. M.'s successor, the A. F. of L.-affiliated International. But in the interim it has traversed the full historical cycle; from the hell-roaring belligerency of the past, when it ruled its roost with an iron hand, it has passed through civil war and death and decay; now under young, aggressive leadership, it has surged back to militancy, a warning and a portent for the American Federation of Labor.

Local No. 1 is so big it can control its International—it has nearly a third of the total votes and handles them in a disciplined manner. Moreover, since its name begins with "B" and its neighbor's, Anaconda, with "A," they lead the voting at International roll calls, and when fence-sitting delegates from other, more timorous locals hear those thumping votes recorded at the start of the ballot, most of them jump off on the "left" side.

The new president of Local No. 1 is Reid Robinson, aged twenty-seven, son of Jim Robinson, a veteran labor scrapper who helped keep unionism alive in Butte in the lean years. (Currently Father Jim is running for International president against Tom Brown of Butte, who some insist was elected last time by mistake because the miners thought they were voting for Bob Brown, at that time the militant president of the Butte local.) Dennis McCarthy, the financial secretary, is thirty-five; Vice-President Mickey Ryan and Recording Secretary James Leary are both in the early thirties. Bob Brown, older, experienced, but just as aggressive, and Donald Mundy, an able class-conscious miner of about thirty who divides his time between the pits and the pen, make up the press committee which publishes the local's monthly newspaper, the only one in the International.

Local No. 1 sent a young, tough trio of delegates from the International to the A. F. of L. convention: Paul Peterson of Park City, Utah, Alex Cashin of Burke, Idaho, both in their thirties, and Reid Robinson. With them they took Butte's slate of resolutions adopted by the International, demanding immediate reorganization of the A. F. of L. for industrial unionism, a general strike in the event of a serious war threat, a labor party pledged to replace capitalism by collectivism, the Lundeen workers'-unemployment-insurance bill, workers'-rights and child-labor amendments, withdrawal of army officers from the CCC and an increase of pay in the CCC to $75 monthly, and other measures favoring labor.

The villain of the piece is the whole intrenched, wealthy craft-union hierarchy in the A. F. of L.; in particular it is John P. Frey, head of the metal-trades department and foremost craft-union spokesman. Local No. 1 and Frey met in a preliminary skirmish in 1934; it was an indecisive affair but sufficient to test the mettle of the combatants. Frey won the first round, after which there was talk of riding him out of Butte on a rail; but, said a miner a bit regretfully, "you can't do that sort of thing nowadays!" Second round was Butte's, third was Frey's, and the fourth was foredestined to be his, too; but Butte is far from licked. Here's the round-by-round story:

Twenty years ago the International Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers were given by Gompers the right—on paper—to organize everybody in the metal mining industry with minor exceptions. This was accomplished in some small camps, but never in Butte, biggest of them all, where the crafts were already strongly intrenched. In the big copper strike of 1934 involving 5,000 men, Butte crafts went out with the miners, though they represented fewer than 500 of the total, with the electrical workers their only important faction. However, the entering wedge for the bosses in ending that strike was driven by Frey when he negotiated a separate agreement for the crafts and came to Butte to see that his subjects signed it. Frey's round.

"We knew," said a miner, "that when an A. F. of L. big shot came to Butte it wasn't to *help* us!" It was after the miners discovered the import of Frey's maneuver that a few suggested his escorted departure astride a rail; nothing came of that, and instead the miners set to work to make the best of it and concluded a settlement so superior to the one Frey had obtained that he had some difficulty persuading his followers to go through with his. Butte's round.

The lesson learned, the miners attempted to take advantage of that paper right to organize craftsmen on the hill, and failed. The political machines of the craft bosses, the fear of losing fraternal insurance benefits, and other factors worked against them, and in the midst of the campaign the crafts protested to the A. F. of L. Whereupon the executive council, ignoring Gompers's promise and overriding Lewis and Gorman, ordered the miners to cease and desist. Frey's round.

Appeal from that ruling was carried to the October convention by the International; this was the fourth round and even the miners admitted that Frey would win it. But it provided a medium for continued agitation of the indus-

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trial-union principle: "We'll raise enough hell to keep it stirred up," said Butte. Frey and his cohorts are old and tiring; Butte has just started.

Unionism was born in Butte in 1878. Some twenty years later its local helped to form the W. F. M.; 5,000 strong, it was credited by Bill Haywood with being the largest union in America. In 1914 the I. W. W., charging Butte's local had become a company union, smashed it with blood and dynamite; but the Wobbly union which followed lasted less than a year, being broken by impeachment of Butte's Socialist mayor, harboring of troops in the city, and sentencing of its leaders for "kidnapping" scabs.

In 1915 the W. F. M. became the present International and entered the A. F. of L. In Butte it retained barely enough members, perhaps twenty, to hold its charter—which is inscribed with the mottoes "Labor produces all wealth"; "All wealth belongs to the producers thereof." Butte, they said, had died; labor would never come back.

So it was in 1933, with a score of union miners. Suddenly, under the deceptive wing of the Blue Eagle and out of the bitterness born of depression injustice, the union was reborn. The next year it conducted a moderately successful strike and won the closed shop. Not bad for a fledgling! Now, two years later, it has more than 4,000 active members in Butte and some 7,000, counting unemployed and absentees, on its rolls. Old timers say it is even more militant, better educated, and better disciplined than it ever was under the W. F. M. Its newspaper has two front-page "ears" alongside the mast-head. One quotes Marx's "Workers of the world, unite," the other Jefferson's "The tree of liberty must frequently be nourished by the blood of tyrants." Local No. 1 is young, confident, even cocky, new to union intrigue but reared in a warlike tradition. It is going places; and in the meantime, just to keep its hand in, it intends to keep on annoying the A. F. of L.

[*Heywood Broun's regular comment is unavoidably omitted from this issue. It will appear as usual next week.*]

Contributors to This Issue

ALLAN CHASE is a former New York newspaperman, and ALFRED GOLDSMITH is a New York labor journalist.

CARLETON BEALS, journalist and author, has recently been in Louisiana investigating social conditions.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER is a feature writer for the Portland *Oregonian*.

KURT ROSENFELD was Prussian Minister of Justice in the Social Democratic government established after the World War.

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CARLOS HUDSON is an active worker in the Northwest Labor Unity Conference.

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R. P. BLACKMUR contributes reviews and critical articles to various periodicals.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON is associate professor of Romance languages at Columbia University.

FERNER NUHN is an Iowan writer who has been doing field work for the AAA in the South and West.

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS:

SEX PRACTICE *in* MARRIAGE

By C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by R. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— *and* —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By ROBERT L. DICKINSON, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

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Section I. Bride and Groom
Section II. The Cold Wife—Frigidity
Section III. The Unsatisfied Wife
Section IV. Married Courtship
Section V. The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

THE CHARTS

Female Sex Organs, Side View ● The Internal Sex Organs ● The External Sex Organs ● Female Sex Organs, Front View ● Entrance to Female Genital Parts ● Male Sex Organs, Side View ● Male Sex Organs, Front View ● Male Reproductive Cell, Front and Side Views. (*Detailed explanations accompany charts.*)

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It Can't Happen Here. By Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS is a weapon of the intellect rather than a novel; there is hardly a literary question that it does not fail to raise and there is hardly a rule for the good conduct of novels that it does not break. Its success depends on incident not character, and on editorial interpretation not representation; depends most on the urgency of the theme and the emotion of the author in presenting it. There is nowhere in it the ultimate persuasiveness of language as an art, but a great deal of that vehemently presented fact which at the ripe time does as well.

It is not, then, a novel, not a seizure and showing forth of life, but, using for freedom the overt form of a novel, a declaration of things to come sprung from a faith of which the substance is things hated not hoped for. Out of the same impulse that in times of less dismay produced visions of Utopia Mr. Lewis has projected an inferno. We see the rise, in 1936, of an American fascist dictatorship, its inevitable progress in perfecting terror, maturing oppression, and developing a maximum corruption. The dictatorship passes through three persons: first, Senator Berzelius Windrip modeled on Huey Long and elected President with the aid of a Methodist bishop's League of Forgotten Men; second, Lee Sarason, his brilliant but morally depraved Secretary of State, who overthrows and expels Windrip; and, third, the revolted but no less bloody puritan Colonel Haik, the Secretary of War, who gains power by murdering Sarason and preserves it by warring on Mexico. With the first success of the fascist revolution there is the immediate rise of a counter-revolution, which sets out to create the American Cooperative Commonwealth under the leadership of Walt Trowbridge, the defeated Republican candidate of 1936, and later with the military aid of General Emmanuel Coon, who brings part of the regular army to support the spontaneous revolt of the Western farmers. Which wins, the Cooperative Commonwealth or the Corporate State, is conspicuously left in doubt.

Victory is round the corner, in the aroused or resurrected character of Doremus Jessup, Vermont editor and old-time liberal intellectual bourgeois; victory is in the re-created character of Jessup and of you, the reader. That, if anything, is the purpose of Mr. Lewis's book: so to arouse his great audience—and no serious writer short of Walter Lippmann has a greater—that the horror of fascist revolution may be prevented. That—and the fact that Mr. Lewis has always been a publicist in fiction—is the reason that his book appears in the guise of a novel. The impact of the revolution is shown as it is felt by the Jessup family, its friends and associates, as they attempt under it, some to take advantage of new avenues to power, but most to live their ordinary lives in the small city of Fort Beulah, Vermont. The horror of fascism is shown by translating the Hitler terror and the earlier Italian terror into characteristic American terms and individuals. There is a history of terror in the bowels of every nation only awaiting the moment's impetus to be articulated and made general. People have, as Mr. Lewis remarks, a natural and unprejudiced love of violence—if not of violence itself, of seeing it, inciting it, and writing about it; so it is with surprising ease that Mr. Lewis's translations are made from European to American fascist violence; and it is almost superfluous to hear one of the minor characters remind Doremus Jessup, in their cell at a concentration camp, of such classic seminal examples as the Scottsboro boys, Tom Mooney, and the West Coast longshoremen. The credibility of the individuals and events in the novel is for the moment of reading enough. We see and know, as the time passes, for Doremus Jessup the slow expense of a disinterested mind as he gradually loses caste, his newspaper, and his peace of mind. We see him, with others, driven to start the N. U., the New Underground based on the old Underground Railway, to deliver fugitives and exiles to the safety of Canada. We see him toy with communism and desert it. We see him printing leaflets and pamphlets and distributing them at the risk of his life. We see his books burned, his college made a mockery. We see him discovered, beaten, and imprisoned; we see him escape to Canada with a shorn beard and dyed hair; and finally we see him return secretly to incite revolt in the Middle West. We see his son-in-law murdered, and his daughter in revenge commit murder. We see his other daughter almost raped for the cause. We see most of his friends imprisoned and some of them killed. And so on. We see for irony his son Philip become a stuffed shirt and a military judge of the Corporate State. And with all this and more we see intermittent reports of the responsible career of dictatorship through various acts of blood and folly in Washington and elsewhere.

So much will the reader of the moment see and, because it is in a novel, easily believe; and, the moment over, repeat, not at all disheartened, Mr. Lewis's title: It can't happen here. After all, Huey Long is dead. That is because the reader has missed the one lesson in the book worth learning; missed it largely because he was not the person to learn it, but partly because Mr. Lewis was not quite the person to teach it—although he has learned it himself. This is the lesson of American liberalism for liberals. The career of Doremus Jessup, here all so strewn with blight and violence, has this emphasis: that only when the actuality of what he hated and distrusted destroyed the life he loved, only then did he convert his disinterested opinion into desperately interested action; and then, for all we know, it was too late. In more general terms, can it not be put that in a comparatively stable society the liberal can afford to be disinterested and is most valuable so, but in an unstable society disinterestedness is the very last thing he can afford if he is to live or be valuable at all? Or is liberalism only good for a prosperous society? Is it, after all, Utopia out of which Mr. Lewis has produced Doremus Jessup, and only there that, as the book ends by saying, "a Doremus Jessup can never die"?

R. P. BLACKMUR

The World's Prose

An Anthology of World Prose. Edited by Carl Van Doren. Reynal and Hitchcock. $3.50.

CARL VAN DOREN'S "Anthology" is a sort of literary bible. When properly used, it should be on a table at one's bedside for that moment of devotional exercise in the evening which calls the mind away from the day's troubles, refreshes with a glimpse of some distant scene, amuses with some well-told anecdote, sketches some faint perspective of history, or inspires with a suggestion of thought. I open at random and here is the "Outlaws" of Selma Lagerlöf with a breath of resin from the Scandinavian mountains. I open again and here is Melville discoursing in an intriguingly ornate style on Ahab's hatred for Moby Dick. A third try and here is Cicero striving in a quaint old English to show that if black is not white it is at least purple or scarlet or some other attractive color. Here is a page of Castiglione—*laudator tem-*

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poris acti (I always like Castiglione from a certain feeling of superiority the old fool's dull complacency gives me). The most amusing pages I have found to date are those in which Thoreau gives a kick at the machine age as it goes rushing past him, *anno* 1845, while he plays hide and seek with reality (a bad case of Buddhistic indigestion) on the shores of Walden Pond. Here is a story by Sigrid Undset, but if you do not like it, take a nip at the Upanishads, from the Sanskrit, or read the story of the Book of Thoth from the Egyptian papyri. Or perhaps you would prefer an eyewitness's account of the battle of Crécy from Froissart, or Herodotus on the crossing of the Hellespont by Xerxes, or Samuel Pepys on the London fire (which made me miss, by the way, Pliny's description of the destruction of Pompeii).

One can find no fault with this book from any angle. The editor has conceived his anthology not as a history of world literature, nor yet as a bird's-eye view of world culture. It is just a thousand and a half of good pages culled from all the literature available as English prose, and for the goodness one can always trust Carl Van Doren's faultless perception of literary values. In a book so conceived, one takes what one finds—what one fails to find could be for another similar volume.

And what, meantime, is prose? A pious meditation of Lao Tsu (some of the maxims would not have come amiss), a preface by Thucydides, a treatise by Harvey, a tale of Bre'r Rabbit, a story by Dreiser (a trite theme this last—Flaubert, Maupassant, D'Annunzio)—they are all prose. Yet not all prose is "prose." Prose, for Carl Van Doren, if I divine aright, should have a certain striking originality of phrasing coupled with a content so treated that it can arouse and hold the interest of the majority of readers. As for striking phrases, this anthology is an encyclopedia of them—they might almost deserve a special index—"the unabated Hudson, flowing unfathomably through the Highland Gorge." That is Melville. The New England Sunday—"the fit conclusion of an ill-spent week." That is Thoreau. "They hadn't been doing nothing and was being chased for it." That is Mark Twain. And so the phrase "remembrance of things past" is not Proust rendered by Moncrieff, but Cicero rendered by Newton. Perhaps I should have known it. But I didn't.

Carl Van Doren's introduction has the merit of stressing the importance from the cultural and literary standpoint of that vast amount of translation which has truly made of English literature the literature of the world. However, the question of what a good translation is still remains open. No two people will ever agree on it, or at least no two translators. It is clear that in the rush of traversing such an enormous amount of material the editor here has been guided by names and traditions rather than by actual comparisons. And he seems by implication to adhere to that very questionable theory that the best translators are those so-called creative writers who at one time or another have been able to produce a best-seller. I can see no other reason for doing so much publicity for Lawrence's versions of Verga, which have no significance either as regards a rather anemic Verga fad or in themselves. It is also the fashion to mention Richard Aldington with bated breath, though I doubt if his specimen of Boccaccio in this "Anthology" would stand technical analysis. I find the Oxenford version of Goethe frankly detestable, and one could mention other cases. I personally prefer a translation that is logically exact and idiomatically sound from the standpoint of spoken English, words counting for little, but the phrase and the paragraph stress counting for everything. There can be no doubt, on the other hand, that some form of verbal literalism, even if it show a trace of foreign accent, has the best chance of success in the long run. Literary English is itself a form of Mandarinism, an unnatural type of speech that has fewer contacts with spoken realities than is commonly imagined. Melville's English, for instance, has the flavor of being translated from some strange foreign language. I would wager that if it were presented to a publisher as translation, he would set someone to revising it. Yet the fact that Melville's English passes for good English among the littérateurs may show how it comes about that many egregious specimens of "translationese" are often accepted as good English.

One might best appreciate this anthology by thinking of the many ponderous "libraries of world literature" that clutter our library shelves. None of them is so uniformly interesting or instructive as this anthology, none so thoroughly enjoyable. Its compactness, along with its richness, makes it unique.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

A Matter of Quality

Flowering Judas and Other Stories. By Katherine Anne Porter. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

IN the five years that have passed since the almost surreptitious publication of "Flowering Judas" Miss Porter has apparently written only four stories which she believes worthy of being included in the same collection. With such a record, obviously, this writer can hardly expect to attain to the Titanic company of those recent fictionists who have been busily demonstrating the superiority of matter over mind in literary production. She offers no panoramic survey of modern society, no saga of the American or any other soil, no documentary materials for a study in the elephantiasis of the literary sensibility in our time. She cannot successfully be compared with Balzac, Tolstoy, or Proust—and Rabelais is quite out of the question. Confronted with Miss Porter's 285 widely spaced pages, the most popular of current standards, the standard of quantitative measurement, becomes as ineffectual as a yardstick in an Einsteinian universe. Quality rather than quantity being the only possible issue, criticism is suddenly made aware how little prepared it is for its task.

But it is possible to isolate the essential quality of these stories as an honesty that manages to steer a successful course between the two worst perils of the contemporary prose writer —artificiality and that self-conscious effort at sincerity which is a special kind of artificiality. "A spray of lantern light shot through the hedge, a single voice slashed the blackness, ripped the fragile layer of silence suspended above the hut." This passage, with its too vivid parade of strong verbs, does come pretty close to being "literary." But it is just enough justified by the situation and there is no more of it than is necessary. More often an effect depends on a single word so casually imbedded in the sentence as to escape individual attention: Maria Concepcion's friends "were around her, speaking for her, defending her, the forces of life were ranged invincibly with her against the beaten dead." Here the whole weight of the feeling is contained, with Flaubertian inevitability, in the one adjective toward the end. The same kind of force without emphasis is achieved when Maria Concepcion looks down upon the dead body of her rival: "Maria Rosa had eaten too much honey and had had too much love." As it happens, Maria Rosa had been a bee-keeper, so that even in this rare use of symbolism Miss Porter does not depart from the literal: the fact and the symbol are one and the same. And throughout these stories it is the same strict adherence to the fact for what the fact can produce that saves Miss Porter both from the rhetorical emphasis of Mrs. Woolf and her followers and from the equally rhetorical understatement of the Hemingway school.

This gift for making audible what might be called the overtones of fact is responsible for Miss Porter's success over

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such a wide range of subjects. Whether it is the phonographic recording of a quarrel between two young people in the country, or the predicament of a young American schoolmistress in Mexico, or the incorrigible Bovaryism of an Irish immigrant woman on a Connecticut farm, Miss Porter is able to secure richness without too much reliance on the brush. The only objection that may be raised is that in certain of the stories, Hacienda and That Tree, there is an insufficient crystallization of theme. In Theft, the tenuous mood is properly condensed in the "moral" attached at the close: "I was right not to be afraid of any thief but myself, who will end by leaving me nothing." But in Magic and He, no such definition is given to the experience that has been recorded. From this point of view the most satisfactory items are Maria Concepcion and The Cracked Looking-Glass. If Miss Porter had written nothing but these two short narratives, she would still be among the most distinguished masters of her craft in this country.

WILLIAM TROY

Seeing the People First

Some American People. By Erskine Caldwell. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.

"THERE are more than two score states, there are hundreds of cities, and there are thousands of miles of wayside, and each has its own specialized character. . . ." Thus Caldwell, after "a small amount of travel during a year's time, from May, 1934, to May, 1935, in the United States," in his foreword called "Advertisement"; and they are the words of a real United States wayfarer. True, the observation has the sound of sudden discovery. Caldwell castigates his fellow-Americans for not knowing how to travel in their own country; and while this goes for many, particularly of urban and Eastern background, it hardly applies to great numbers of car-owning and hitch-hiking ordinary Americans out over the country. They have been collecting America for years, camping along the road, gassing in tourist camps, comparing the states and the people and "conditions," and not in a superficial sense, either. It is almost an American folkway.

But this is incidental. There should be more books like this. Few, however, would be written with the talent of this one for reproducing local talk, conveying attitudes, setting. This is not the ill-digested copy of a journalist, after a thirty-day "swing around the country" authorized by a newspaper. Caldwell is artist enough not to generalize. He doesn't estimate "recovery," or tell how America will vote in 1936. The sketches stand by themselves, as specific pictures of specific cases, and it's up to the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Caldwell was in western North Dakota about the time of the great drought-cattle buying program, and The Last Round-Up vividly tells the story of that amazing feat. It should be read both by those who think the measure was unnecessary, and by those who think distress is at an end in the dry Western range lands. The sketches of Southern tenant farmers, famous from previous publications, make up the most elaborate section of the present volume. Granting that the worst pictures—those of stranded and in-bred families in Georgia's worst tier of counties—are more or less isolated instances, Caldwell's studies in general tally with the best of other surveys. His views corroborate, for example, the conclusion of Johnson, Embree, and Alexander of the University of North Carolina in their recent book, "The Collapse of Cotton Tenancy," when they write: "It is the blunt truth to say that under the present system the landowner is more and more protected from risk by government activity, while the tenant is left open to risk on every side."

The solution is another thing. Blackwell (also of North Carolina) found that the displacement of tenants became serious as early as 1929, and that the peak year for evictions was actually 1932, though the trend was upward again in 1934. Return to unlimited production and six-cent cotton would probably not solve anything, either for the tenant or the South as a whole. As for the failure of many tenants to share in benefit payments, Caldwell attributes this to local administration, but adds, "However, it is difficult to understand how such widespread thieving [by landlords] continues month after month, in county after county, without detection in Washington." One suspects that Caldwell knows the answer to this as well as anybody. It is not a matter of detection but of enforcement; and the strict enforcement from Washington of even the small benefits for tenants under the cotton program would be looked upon locally as another carpetbag invasion, to be resisted as vehemently.

The heart of the problem, of course, is the social system, and short of its overturn, as Caldwell and others point out, the program most likely to improve the share-croppers' lot would be a federally administered land-credit program: the government to purchase large blocks of land from banks and insurance companies, and become the landlord of as many share-croppers as possible. This program is tentatively approached in some of the present resettlement activities, as it was in the Bankhead tenant bill. Administrative difficulties no doubt would hamper such a program also, but it would seem to be the best course now open.

There is not space to treat all the sections of Caldwell's book. The sketches vary in quality; the humor of some of them, of Grandpa in the Bathtub, for instance, is a bit synthetic; in others, such as A Badland Tale, the authentic local flavor is unmistakable. In its underlying material, however, the book is sober and revealing, and should be read by everyone interested in the people of the United States.

FERNER NUHN

Drama

Dissenting Opinion

"PORGY," first produced some eight years ago, was one of the Theater Guild's most resounding successes. Rechristened "Porgy and Bess," it now reappears as an opera with music by George Gershwin, and unless all signs fail it is destined for a second triumphant career. Mr. Gershwin is popular; the text has an easy romantic glamor; and the Guild's production at the Alvin Theater is both lavish and showy. Here is "an American theme" set to a score by a composer whom it is fashionable to regard as the genius born to accomplish a predestined miracle—the elevation of jazz into the realm of art. The piece will be much admired this winter but that is not all. Admiring it will also be one of the Things Being Done.

From what has just been said it is no doubt clear enough that my own enthusiasm is not as high as it ought to be. I am abashed to be compelled to disagree with many whose opinions I respect, but the plain truth of the matter is that I never found myself profoundly interested or deeply moved and that, in retrospect, I have no great difficulty in assigning good reasons for the fact. They apply almost equally to the text, the score, and the production. They are also both definite and specific but they can be reduced very easily to a general statement: "Porgy and Bess" is more elaborate than the effect which it produces gives it any right to be.

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Here are drama and music and pantomime. Here are crowds of people, many scenes, and at least three bags of stage manager's tricks. But to me the total effect is not unlike that sometimes produced when Hollywood determines to outdo itself. Two or three geniuses, living and dead, are summoned to combine the inspiration of a few classics with the wonders of nature and of mechanics under the generalship of a superdirector who not only moves mountains but takes angle shots of the mountain being moved. But when the whole has been recorded on celluloid, the judicious spectator merely begins to suspect that perhaps there is something, after all, in the theory that the palmiest days of the drama were those when two or three actors came out in front of a curtain and said something.

To begin with, the play itself always had an air slightly operatic in the most unfavorable sense of the term. Mr. Heyward's story of the crippled Negro beggar who took a Charleston bad girl under his protection and then lost her to a roistering buck handles these events with a kind of easy romanticism which makes them seem "colorful" rather than especially convincing and achieves a striking superficial effect rather than any emotional depth. As originally played, it depended a great deal upon picturesque pageantry to cover up its dramatic deficiencies, and now music has been called in with the laudable intention of supplying more substance. But instead of actually seeming more substantial the piece seems only more complicated.

Having no equipment for musical criticism I speak with great diffidence, but to my lay ear Mr. Gershwin's music, though pretentious enough, seemed lacking in both memorable melodies and real dramatic effect; most of it was obviously more or less in the idiom of the spiritual, but though this fact gave it a general character it never seemed to achieve much dramatic expressiveness capable of adding to the intensity of any particular situation. As for Mr. Mamoulian's production, I speak with more confidence. It was also very ambitious, but mechanical rather than imaginative. Doubtless it was, for example, very clever of him to represent the storm by the billowing of clothes hung out to dry and by the very rhythmical banging of the tenement shutters. In addition I doubt whether anyone else ever used more brilliant lightning or louder thunder than his—or ever had more of both. But though I knew I was expected to "Ah" and "Oh," and though the audience (I thought dutifully rather than enthusiastically) did both, I was less thrilled by the storm than by the fact that the director was having such a beautiful time playing with all the gadgets with which the science of the theater had provided him.

After the performance was over I found myself wishing that criticism had evolved for itself a formula like that used in mechanics for determining the efficiency of a machine. One divides the output of energy by the amount put in and one gets a percentage figure to express the success of the contrivance in applying to useful work the fuel supplied it. Now the effectiveness of a work of art corresponds to the efficiency of a machine. One expects an effect commensurate with the means employed and one ought to have some way of dividing the impression produced by the means used to produce it. The quotient would then be a measure of its effectiveness, but judged in this way "Porgy and Bess" could hardly be pronounced a success. The various assaults upon the spectators' feeling have been arranged with all the elaborateness of a military campaign. Literature, music, dancing, and pantomime converge upon him. His senses are bewildered and almost taken by storm. But only almost. I, at least, ended by wondering why I should be moved so little by the combined forces of all these arts when, on other occasions, any one by itself had moved me so much more. Perhaps the explanation is simply that generalship is no satisfactory substitute for feeling and imagination.

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In Philip Barry's more serious plays I am nearly always disturbed by what seems to me the author's inability to distinguish between what he really feels and what he thinks he feels. Some defect of the sort is still perceptible in "Bright Star" (Empire Theater), but I must say that I found it continuously interesting and less marred than any of his other recent plays by a certain narcissistic tendency to stand lost in admiration before its own "fineness" and integrity. This time the story is concerned with a self-made man who, to further his ambition, marries a pure, whole-hearted girl, but who is finally wrecked by a sense of guilt—by the realization that he is incapable of that love through which alone a man may be saved. Obviously the play might easily be mawkish, and it was, I think, a mistake to make the woman concerned quite so completely angelic. But the play as a whole is not mawkish. The "loveless" man is subtly characterized and his tragedy finely told. As always, Mr. Barry writes very fluent, often witty dialogue and I should list "Bright Star" among the plays decidedly worth seeing. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Last week in reviewing the Soviet farce "Squaring the Circle" I raised some question concerning the meaning of the apparently ironical conclusion. Since then I have been reliably informed that this conclusion is not a part of the original play.
J. W. K.

The Dance

Ballet Old and New

COLONEL W. DE BASIL'S Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo returned recently to America for its third appearance in New York. It came with a stronger corp of first-rate dancers, and the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House made it possible for both dancers and audience to expand comfortably. No brand new ballets are in the repertoire but the past has been rich in invention and some very old ballets have been retouched and presented. A sprinkling of three-year-old creations in the program served to show how the form has been modified up to date. The range in variety and time extended from the formal Italian, in "Le Mariage d'Aurore," through the Fokine-Bakst pure Russian period, up to Massine's "Choreartium" with the music of Brahms's Fourth Symphony, produced here for the first time.

Altogether a greater air of confidence and permanence prevailed, and one had less the impression of watching the last brave flickers of an art that had lost its home. Either the impulsion given the ballet at the court of the Czar was a powerful one, making its energy still felt (by the second law of thermo-dynamics necessarily a dwindling energy), or else ballet in itself is tenacious against odds, and there are enough balletomanes born every year to insure its continuance. Certainly, with the successful career of the Monte Carlo before one's eyes, and the formation of the American Ballet group under the direction of Balanchine a fact, hope is granted to those who believe in ballet's survival, not as a hobbling veteran of ancient glories but as an infant full of punch and go, quite at home in the modern world.

Yet there is no blinking the fact that the enjoyment to be got out of watching the Monte Carlo ballets is most often the enjoyment of reminiscence, a lavender and old-lace delight. Two of the most satisfactory ballets in the repertoire are the familiar "Les Sylphides" and "Le Mariage d'Aurore" with choreography modified from Petipa's original ballet in three parts. Quaintness and stiffness are at home. The Bakst scenery is subdued to pastel rococo, and each dancer is given his moment to perform in an irrelevant bit—exquisite light pantomime interspersed with virtuoso display to a Tchaikovsky score. Ballet was like this at its height. And the dancers are still among the best in the world, though they lack the training and the backing that made their predecessors better.

Most of the other ballets, of a total of about twenty, were designed by Fokine and the younger Massine. Balanchine's "Cotillon" and Nijinsky's own "Spectre de la Rose" are exceptions. The Fokine ballets, like "Scheherazade," "Thamar," "Carnaval," "Prince Igor," and "Petrouchka," with Bakst settings and costumes are familiar in spirit and story. They are wild or gay pantomimed fairy stories that bear repeating over and over again, and can be done only by Russian dancers, ballet trained. They belong to one period and one nation, and they will be revived as examples of that period as long as a group of dancers who are direct inheritors of the tradition can be held together to perform them.

Massine and Balanchine are the modern choreographers and still inventing, and it is their work, within this changed environment, that must bear the test of the ballet's future. Massine is maître de ballet and "artistic collaborator" for the Monte Carlo group. Balanchine heads the American Ballet and is its chief choreographer. The American Ballet gave its opening performance last year; the company is now on tour and will return to dance the ballets of the Metropolitan opera.

Massine's abstract composition to the Brahms Fourth is the only one of his ballets not danced before in New York. His others will be remembered. "Three-Cornered Hat" is a nervous, rather silly pantomimic retelling of the old Spanish story. The trivial, comic air of the De Falla music is amusingly interpreted in the quick modified Spanish dance gestures. It is modern only in its music and its sophisticated shallowness. "Union Pacific," based on the libretto of Archibald MacLeish, is more thoughtfully designed, pleasing and amusing in tempo. "Le Beau Danube" has a dignity that the waltz rhythm always gives. "Midnight Sun" is a brief, animated Russian pagan festival concocted of Russian ballet steps. Massine is a clever showman and is at his best telling a story humorously in movements familiar to classic ballet, though more angular than round. His more abstract work comes a cropper, not because he has not an alert sense of design, but because the modern technique cannot mix with the typical ballet gestures. In "Choreartium" the mood of Brahms is solemnly interpreted by hooded Martha Graham figures who suddenly rise stiffly on toe, and the allegro becomes a prancing, jerky spring dance of arabesques and bourrées. The ludicrous intruded in spite of the occasional fine groupings.

Balanchine in "Cotillon" displays a delicate talent for sheer beauty of abstraction, though his "Errante," which the American Ballet performed last year, drifted out of meaning in a combination of attempted design and vague story-telling.

Among the ballets old and new that the Russians presented and the ballets given by the American Ballet last year, it seems to me that the older productions are the best, and that the effort to press modern choreography out of classic technique results often in embarrassing anachronism. Moreover, the classic style depends for its perfection on precision of movement achieved by constant and expensive training from childhood. Only a subsidized school, such as the Czar's, can accomplish this. Pupils studying today want quick results from ballet teaching, for their ambitions turn toward musical comedy, where our native dance of entertainme t flowers best.

Choreographers of group movements, such as Martha Graham or Doris Humphrey, whose technique is based on other principles than ballet, and who have worked exclusively with the dance as an art form, have more imagination in abstract design and a deeper penetration than the ballet-trained Russians of today. RUTH PICKERING

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